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The WORLD'S Wish for PEACE

Why Wars are becoming Rarer and Religions Better

By THOMAS B. REED

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Why Wars are becoming Rarer and Religions Better

By THOMAS B. REED

THE Creator cares most sedulously not only for the perpetuity of the race, but also for its steady growth in knowledge and wisdom. The race lives; men die. The ocean in its rage kills them like flies in a bowl. The earthquake swallows them up. All new enterprises cost men. Every new country is broken up at the expense of malaria, wasting sickness and death. Livingstone's books and all books of African travel make a man of foresight shudder not only at the terrible malarial ordeal through which the traveler passed, but at the infinite human suffering and death which must come when lust of land and lust of wealth shall turn the resistless human tide, full of youth and vigor, over the vast fertility of Central Africa. When locusts and ants swarm over creeks and ditches, filling them with their dead and making bridges for the living, their march finds its parallel in the movements of the human race. Only by the suffering and shortened lives of pioneers are new lands, the most fertile, made habitable to those who come after. New improvements bring new dangers. Even cities, builded by long and patient years, while they escape malaria, find newer gas lurking in every household. Death lies in wait for us everywhere. Yet the race lives and thrives. It marches from one endeavor to another, from one conquered hemisphere to the other. So it would seem that God has in special care the growth of the whole race in knowledge and consequent civilization. Communities lapse from wealth and culture. Nations die and dynasties perish, but the world absorbs all the knowledge and culture once got and holds it forever. Water spilled is not lost. By sunbeam and by river it surely seeks the great reservoir of ocean. It is a favorite theme with some, the lost achievements of the past—and yet if there be any useful invention lost, it is because a better has taken its place. There are no lost arts. Oratory has created all that there seem to be.

HOW THE LEAVEN OF CIVILIZATION OPERATES

Even the destruction of great nations, of Assyria and Babylon, of Troy and Persepolis, not forgetting "Tadmor in the Wilderness," caused no loss to the whole world. When the civilization of Greece yielded to the Macedonian invader none of it perished. Some men were less cultured, but all men were more. Throughout a broader mass of men the leaven was stirred and more men acted and reacted on each other. When Rome carried with her arms through the world devastation and despotism, she carried also her arts and knowledge, and they wrought their work, surviving the devastation and turning the despotism into strength and liberty. When the outside barbarians, the Goths and Vandals, the Huns and Franks, poured in successive waves over the Roman Empire they prostrated indeed the outward forms of its civilization, but by absorption became themselves more civilized and so widened and increased the civilization of the world. As the currents of air all tend to where the heat is the greatest, so currents of men seem to flow toward the centre of culture and knowledge. As the warm and cold air became mixed the temperature of one was lessened and the other increased; so when the uncivilized tribes poured over Rome culture became equalized, and while classic literature, Cicero and Horace and Virgil, became impossible, so also did unmitigated barbarism.

But the comparison of currents of air with currents of men should not pass without this addition, that while the equalized air holds only the heat it gets from the hot centres, the human race possesses the power of radiating more knowledge than it absorbs, of adding to the culture which it gets. Indeed, the surest guaranty of the increase of human knowledge is its spread. The more minds there are at work on what knowledge the world has, the vaster the product and the greater the average. It has taken all of us to discover what is known, and the more all of us know the more we shall know. The differences which there are in human minds operate to give to one man the sight of a clue which may be denied to all others. Out of the myriad seeds which a tree drops some survive because of some slight differences which favor their lives, but which no human eye can yet see. Just so, some minds instead of others make discoveries because of differences which are only distinguishable in results. If all intellects, then, could be set to work we should get all possible discoveries. Diffusion of knowledge tends to set all minds at work.

THE INJUSTICE OF BEING BORN A CENTURY TOO SOON

The idea may be illustrated by the story of the inventions of this country. We seem to be ahead of the world. Where knowledge is so diffused that more minds are turned to contemplate the possibilities of improvement, more and greater improvements get themselves made. So rapid has been the growth of man's knowledge within the last few years, which have been distinguished by the wider diffusion of knowledge, that we can see very clearly what has always been true, that it is a great imposition upon any man to have been born at any given time rather than a hundred years later. Think what hard luck a man had who ended his life a hundred years ago. A horseback-and-stagecoach world was ten times as large as a railroad world. If he surveyed mankind from China to Peru he used up the cream of his life. Now an uncle gives a nephew a ticket around the world to give him time to sober off. Whale-oil candles and tinder-boxes were poor substitutes for lucifers and gas. The speed of a horse was the speed of a message. Now we are impatient of the speed of light. To be a poor man now is more comfortable than to have been a rich man then. The wealth of the Indies could not administer chloroform. The bluest blood of Castile flowed from limbs writhing under the knife. Napoleon's marshals could not have from ether that surcease of agony which the poorest soldier is wronged if he fails to have now. The poorest mother can bring her child into the world with a freedom from pain which her Empire could not have purchased for an Empress a hundred years ago. We can talk with our neighbors face to face across a thousand miles of distance, and shall soon be able to talk across a continent.

Unnumbered pages might be used in describing comforts born of the last century, but it will suffice if we can speak of enough to illustrate the idea that the increase of human knowledge bears some relation to its diffusion. If so, then the terrible submergence of civilization by barbarism, as bemoaned by historians, are part and parcel of the plan for the improvement of the race; and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was but the rise and progress of a riper, better and wider civilization. If the civilization of Rome perished, it perished in the interest of the civilization of the race.

There have been many definitions of civilization, but what it really means is the gradual amelioration of manners and that improvement of the human race which increases the comfort and happiness of mankind. It is a movement of the race, as culture is of the individual. It must be tested by the action of men in masses, and not by the action of individuals. If we could imagine a single one of our Puritan ancestors, divested of his quaint raiment and clothed in the garb of the period, and living among us without the benefit of our two hundred and fifty years of progress, without the enlargement of mind given to us, he would probably cause us very little trouble, and we should much underrate if we did not doubt the difference. But if enough of his kind were again alive and here, women would be burned for witches and government would again be a hierarchy. Inasmuch as the true criterion is the average of the race, it is no wonder that the progress has been slow. When all have to be lifted, time is a pretty essential element.

THE SPROUTING OF THE SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION

What is the cause of civilization? What makes men as a race improve? The answer is knowledge, and knowledge only. Knowledge of all kinds, of pleasure and of pain, physical and mental. Human minds are like soils. They must grow something. If it is not shining grain, then weeds; and weeds are better than nothing. Fetishism is better than no conception of aught outside ourselves. Weeds show that the soil can produce something. Fetishism is rudimentary religion. It is with human minds of different ages as it is with geological strata—the vegetation which flourished in the Coal Period cannot live in the Triassic. So ideas which flourished in human minds and seemed to be eternal verities at one stage of knowledge, perish in another. Every age of progress has to begin with the burial of dead truths, or rather half-truths. As forest soils seem to be full of seed ready to spring up, only waiting for the forest to be cut down, so the minds of the race seem to be full of ideas which only bloom and blossom when old superstitions and old fallacies are cut away by the ax of knowledge amid the tears of conservatism. Thoughts and arguments perfected this century and given to the world may take no root until the next. They are as perfect now and as reasonable as they ever can be, but until the slow rise of human knowledge renders their reception possible by the world, they lie cold and still. Even now, some neglected dreamer may be planting, unnoticed by the world, seed which will shoot into space mighty trees under which his grandchildren shall sit. Or it may be that some man of affairs, some statesman, some John Milton out of joint with the world, may be now throwing out some Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, some Areopagitica at which respectable gentlemen are now smiling, but which in a couple of centuries may be in the world's horn-book of elementary beliefs.

The proposition is that increase of knowledge is increase of civilization. Some think that morality and religion play no small part in the progress of the world. To me it seems that morality and religion are themselves indebted to knowledge for their ripening. When we speak of morality and religion we do not mean rules and tenets, comments and texts, but practical actions of men. So far as definition and exhortation go, morality and religion have been fixed for many years. So far as their practical control over men's deeds are concerned they vary from age to age. As the world grows in knowledge, practical morality grows. As the world softens, religion softens. What have religion and morality done with war? War is a beastly barbarism. It is only murder on a large scale with ranked battalions and pomp and circumstance. Eighteen Christian centuries have not abolished it. The wars which ended in the Dutch Republic were religious wars. Men fought for their religions. When a town was taken the horrors were such that they cannot to-day be put on paper. To read the details of the "Spanish fury" would be to send all women out of the room. The Spanish fury happened only three hundred years ago. There was plenty of religion in the world then. Men bend religion to their beliefs, not their beliefs to religion. When the Ironsides of Cromwell wanted to kill a King they gave the fillip of religious sanction to the deed to call it "hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord." With the Cavalier at the same period of time religion was the mainstay of the Divine Right of Kings. Though the increase of knowledge has not yet abolished war, though it would be rash to say that no wars to-day are justifiable, yet wars are not what they were. Fort Pillow was a mild massacre compared with the incarnate fiendishness which possessed the soldiers in the Netherlands. And yet the indignation of the whole world was aroused about Fort Pillow, and I myself saw the commander in that wickedness, whose brazen tongue had trippingly uttered not one but many orations on conciliation and brotherly love, falter in a set volunteered defense under the spoken indignation of one party and the ill-suppressed disgust of the other.

THE LESSENING OF THE TERRORS OF WAR

What, then, has ameliorated war? Perhaps it will aid us to know how it has been ameliorated. War no longer demolishes cities. Private property is sacred. No pillage is permitted. But for the refusal of the United States no privateering would have been allowed long before the conferences at The Hague and the commerce of mankind would have safely moved over the seas. France and England have great commerce and great navies, and object to privateering. The United States has the same religion, but not the same navies, and thought it would rather issue letters of marque. Interest and not morality seems to act. War is made more and more to respect material interests. Men have found by experience—which is another name for knowledge—that it does not pay in the long run to destroy property, and hereafter they will find out that it does not pay to destroy life. War is dying out because men have something else to do. They are engaged in trade, in enterprises which war interferes with. Life is getting every day to be better worth living. Hence men do not want to lose it. When the life of men, like the life of Australian Diggers, was only an alternation of starving and eating to such repletion as made them roll on the ground in agonies of surfeit, a man must have been very particular who cared whether there was war or not. But when the interests of all nations get so universally interwoven with the warp and woof of trade that the knowledge of its devastations will be brought home to all men, war will cease. But the proclamation that there shall be no more war will come from the tradesman and not from the preacher.

When I say that religion has not caused civilization I take no account of its supposed opposition to new truth. Agassiz used to say that the first remark on a new scientific discovery was that it could not be true because the Bible was to the contrary. When, in spite of that, men believed, the second remark was that the discovery was entirely consistent with the Bible; and, finally, it wouldn't have been discovered if it hadn't been for the Bible. This, however, is only an offensive way of stating a proposition which in its essence had nothing to do with the Bible at all. An objection of that sort is to be charged to man, not to religion. It is the nature of man to dispute new discoveries; and to confront them with old beliefs is the best way. Conservatism resists by the aid of the established, whether it be religion or government. Men might as well say that the British Constitution has done nothing for human liberty because conservatives always try to trip up reforms with it.

THE CIVILIZING INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH

Nor is it meant to be said that the Church has never been a help to the progress of the world. The contrary is true, but it has been a means, not a cause. In the Middle Ages the Church played a great part in lifting its priests and scholars to the level of Princes and bringing proud Barons to their knees; but the Church was the instrument which knowledge then used. Priests and scholars by their scholarship found themselves the superiors of men of birth and set up the claim of servants of God as against the claims of sons of ancestors. No man to-day would call the powerful enginery of superstition which was then employed, religion. Nor is it meant to be said that preachers of religion and teachers of morality do not help to spread the results of human knowledge, do not by line upon line and precept upon precept help to impress upon men's minds the new and higher views of morality and religion which the increase of human knowledge has rendered possible for them to preach and for men to believe. With whatever language we may describe the words and deeds of the saints and martyrs, their words and deeds have been eternal blessings on the human race.

If I may borrow some law terms without meaning to use them at all strictly, I should say that rules of morality, which in one stage of knowledge are of imperfect obligation, may in another stage seem to men to be of perfect obligation. In other words, the increase of knowledge has to make a better religion before a better one can either be preached or believed. That a thing is the truth does not make it believed. There must be a receptive mind. The Pasha in

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Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

Marryat's story had no trouble with the preposterous things told by the sailor, but when he came to describe the kangaroo with her young gliding in and out of her pouch the Pasha's mind refused to tolerate such an infernal lie.

HOW THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER

Our idea, then, is that improvement in morality and religion, like improvement in government, is part and parcel of civilization, and results from the same cause. If not from the same cause, whence does it come? No man will deny that the religion of this century is better than the religion which burned men for opinions, believed in ghosts and witches, led John Rogers to the stake, and put John Bunyan into Bedford Jail. The difference is marked and wide. Between those days and these there have been no new miracles, no new revelations. Men are not more fervent; rather less so. Religion engrosses men's minds less rather than more. Nevertheless, the statesman, though still not without guile, lies less, seldom murders, loves liberty more and power less. Mercantile morality is higher, attorneys pettifog less and help justice more, and the time is coming when all men will realize, as some do now, that Mr. John Rand paid William Pitt Fessenden at his death a finer compliment when he said that "he won every cause he ought to have won" than if he had said he won every cause. If you say that preaching religion and teaching morality have done this, then will you tell us why the higher life we live now was not sooner preached and taught, and if sooner preached and taught, why not sooner practiced? The plain answer is that until the world knew as much as it does now it was not possible to preach or to practice.

WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR US

But we need not contrast different ages; we can take different countries. The Sandwich Islanders have abolished paganism and professed Christianity, but does anybody believe that religion there is or can be what it is in lands where centuries of culture have enriched the people with the stored knowledge of generations of learned men? Read what Titus Coan, himself a godly missionary, says about the results of their conversion, if you doubt. Is it possible for Christianity in Russia to be what it is in England? Could Christianity in the Middle Ages be what it must be to-day? Knowledge and religion have to march hand in hand or religion does not march at all. When the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea it will be when the sea itself has given up all its secrets, when the rocks are no longer mysteries, when the marvel of vitality is solved, and when the distant twinkle of the star wakes no wonder in the child. The New Jerusalem is builded like every other city. If the streets are smooth and level it will be because hills have been cut down and valleys filled. If the pavements be of gold and the foundations of precious stones it will be because gold and chalcedony, emerald and amethyst have been digged out of the bowels of the earth by the resolute hand of man. If the gates are to glisten in white it will be because by cunning divers mighty oysters have been pillaged of their pearls. Out of the toil and study of man shall come alike the Heavenly City and the Millennial years. And yet we cannot say that they are not "descending out of Heaven from God." What is back of us all human knowledge has not yet reached. Faith, then, has to be both evidence and substance. What has been the progress of the human race in different ages; how the movement of civilization has been accelerated and retarded; what has caused this halt and what that rapid movement we know only dimly and doubtingly now, but soon shall know with assurance. We are getting together the facts. Vast and varied as is the hoard, the human mind will some day widen to comprehend them all. Perhaps then the problem of why we exist at all may be made plain to every living soul.

Of all the joys that await the happy being yet to be born in the distant centuries, I envy him most the wealth of that final knowledge, sure to come, which will enable him to trace the march of human progress through the terrible defiles which its first uncertain footsteps trod where the cruel mountains of superstition and ignorance threw their shadowy phantasms of fear on every hand; into the sandy plains where light was, but where the bloom of vegetation and the song of birds had not yet come; on to the lands of verdure and of blossom where the race in perfect freedom, if not in perfect wisdom, shall pluck the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and eat thereof never to be satisfied.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

By Carolyn Wells

THE company we'd like to have we often cannot get;
The company that wants to come oft causes us regret;
The company that stays too long destroys our peace of mind;
But the company we *ought* to ask—oh, that's the hardest kind.

OLD-SCHOOL EDITORS

By MURAT HALSTEAD

Some Personal Recollections

IF ANY one should say that some of my recollections of editors were founded on fiction I would not insist upon the infallibility of my memory. There are so many things forgotten of the feverish flurries of fifty years that inaccuracies in impressions are possible.

There were a few editors of importance in the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, but there is now more ability engaged on the press than ever before; there are not many, if any, towering individualities, but a far greater number of hard-working writers and managers than before the art of stereotyping for daily papers became commonplace and the use of the telegraph a commanding feature of journalism.

It was in the early thirties that I was taught the alphabet in a Democratic weekly newspaper, the advantage of the Jacksonian sheet over the common book being its irregularity. In the late forties I began to write for the press, and to ascertain that the production of matter for newspapers was an occupation; and College Hill, seven miles from Cincinnati, consumed newspapers. One was the Gazette, with a page devoted to literature every Saturday; another, the Commercial, published an original poem on the editorial page every day, and all the favored poets (the price paid was one dollar the stanza) were women.

Journalism was honored in those days by the fact that William Cullen Bryant was the editor of the New York Evening Post. It seemed unfit that one who had written the grand poetry that made Bryant famous in his youth should be hard at work every day in a newspaper office, but he was.

Having a friend in the office of the Post—Mr. Charles Nordhoff—I saw, when calling there, the lofty head of Bryant bowed over his desk, his hand vigorously engaged in penning paragraphs. Of course I remembered Thanatopsis, and forgot to follow what Nordhoff was saying. He knew what spell was upon me, and asked if I would care to be introduced to Mr. Bryant. When the poet-editor had finished his labors I was presented, and received with kindness.

I was almost afraid to occupy even a few minutes of the precious time of Mr. Bryant, lest I might spoil the majestic expression of an idea from the most golden of the mines of American poetry, but the thought came to me of the experience of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States with Charles Dickens. The Justice, during the first visit of Dickens to America, was a lad at school in a Western city, and passing the Broadway Hotel of the place concluded to march upstairs to the room occupied by the young and glittering novelist.

Finding him alone and seated, the incipient Judge asked, "Am I in the presence of the immortal author of the Pickwick Papers?" Dickens stared, did not smile, and solemnly replied, "Well, young man, I believe you are." The young man was not asked to sit down or to make himself at home, and suddenly and unaccountably feeling awkward, hastened to the street.

I did not ask Mr. Bryant questions, nor attempt an original remark about his poetry. He was surprisingly active and physically strong in his advanced years. He would grasp an object over his head, and, swinging by his arms, lift himself so as to put his chin above his hands six times in succession!

I had the honor, when Mr. Bryant passed through Cincinnati on the way home from Mexico, to entertain him at dinner. Seated next him was Mr. Joseph Longworth, a gentleman of many accomplishments, with a keen sense of the beauties of art and poetry, a wonderful memory, and an elocution so perfect that it had the rare charm of simplicity so absolute that the credit was given to Nature. The dinner was well advanced, and no one had mentioned Thanatopsis or even poetry—Mexico was the leading theme—when suddenly a guest said, "Mr. Longworth, please recite Mr. Bryant's Lines to a Water-fowl."

There was a hush, Mr. Longworth hesitated, and answered, turning to Mr. Bryant, "Not in this presence."

"Do you remember the lines?" some one asked.

"It is not a question of memory of the lines," Mr. Longworth responded; "I presume we all know them."

Then came entreaties that Mr. Longworth would repeat the glowing words, and Mr. Bryant turned a listening ear, but did not second the call except with a look of surprised attention. Mr. Longworth paused a second, leaned backward in his seat, lifted his face, and with thrilling cadence, low and soft and clear, put every word of the poem in its place, and gave each its full measure of music and meaning.

The poet said, as if introspectively and unconscious of speech, "Written fifty-five years ago."

On a farm adjoining the one which was my birthplace resided a lady whose brother had succeeded as a merchant in New York and who sent her the Home Journal, conducted by Willis & Morris. The Home Journal was a model of typography and was printed on beautiful paper. There was an article by Nathaniel Parker Willis in each number, and whatever his pen put on paper was touched with grace.

One day a country boy (myself), who had never written a line for the printers, wrote a letter to "N. P. W." in recognition of his pen-paintings of the charms of country life and the scenery, the wooded hills and the cornfields, and took seriously a romance of travel. In a fortnight I received a letter addressed in a strange hand, evidently written with a quill pen, using abundant black ink. It was from N. P. Willis, and contained a few words of kindly and generous encouragement.

N. P. Willis was best known, in his early fame, for sacred poetry, and letters from Europe, Pencilings by the Way, that told Americans about the literary and other celebrities of London. He was charged with the betrayal of confidences, but it seems to be the sufficient explanation that he wrote with the freedom of private correspondence, not thinking that an American newspaper would find its way to England.

I never saw Willis until I happened to meet him in the City Hall Park, New York, the very place where he was assailed by Edwin Forrest. When I saw him he was writing the Idlewild letters. He showed many gray hairs in his auburn curls and a face full of the marks of care. His step was feeble. He wore a heavy shawl about his shoulders, and the world that had so flattered his gifted and beautiful youth seemed to have turned against him. His gentle bearing toward those who made themselves known to him and solicited his regard, in purport if not in phrase, gave him troops of loving friends who cared for him more and more in his declining years. There were many who did not forget.

It happened some years later that I had business in the Herald establishment with the senior James Gordon Bennett, and found him in a dress coat, standing before an old-fashioned fireplace in which hickory billets were blazing. Mr. Bennett seemed to be the personification of dignity and comfort.

The Herald was, at the time, in a way that could be construed at the pleasure of the readers to be serious or sarcastic, urging that Horace Greeley should be chosen Senator of the United States. I said, "There is much interest in the vigorous support you are giving Mr. Greeley for the Senate." "Yes," said Mr. Bennett, "I think Greeley would be as big a fool in the Senate as anywhere else."

More than once the old Herald played this game. Torrents of praise were for weeks poured on George Law as a most fit candidate for the Presidency. There were editorials about Mr. Law as a matchless candidate. At last a public meeting was held and Mr. Law was induced to be present and make a speech. The next morning the Herald slaughtered its own candidate. The report given of the great man was a masterpiece of deviliment. The Herald simply said, "Our candidate will not do." It announced itself ashamed of him, and cheerfully observed that it would be necessary to find another candidate. This levity did much to relieve the press of the pomps of stupidity.

On the day the news came that the younger Bennett had won the famous yacht race across the Atlantic, having had the pluck to go in his own boat, I had a business engagement with the elder Bennett, and congratulated him upon the junior's triumph. The veteran said he was opposed to the race, but was glad to have his boy win.

In 1869 there was a story that the elder Bennett, being dissatisfied with the Herald itself, and convinced that his son would not maintain the traditions when his day came, wanted to sell the paper. I concluded to call on the author and proprietor of the Herald and ask if he wanted to sell. It was not until on the way that it occurred to me there was a certain enormity in the idea.

However, there was no purpose of disrespect in going—it was rather a case of candor—and if Bennett did think of selling it would be like him to be unreserved. When I stated the object of my visit he said, "I do not think my son would care to have partners." "Certainly he would not," I replied; "I had not thought of offering to be a partner if the purchase was possible, but to organize a company and buy the paper." Mr. Bennett was not at all troubled by this extraordinary utterance, but looking me over with gravity calmly said: "I would sell the Herald as I would any other property if I did not believe my son will be the best newspaper man in New York. I think he will be; that he will be first in the business, and for that reason only the Herald is not for sale on any terms."

I said: "Mr. Bennett, I have been sensible that I must be making what would be to you an extraordinary proposal. I thank you for the attention you have given me. I hope your son may realize your expectations." It was a final proof of the elder Bennett's sagacity that he was first to see in his son the qualities that have maintained under difficulties, rapidly and radically changing conditions, the profitableness and prestige of the Herald.

The Excellent Revenge of ELEANOR

By Molly Elliot Seawell

WHEN there are only two children in a family—a boy and a girl—Nature very often makes the mistake of putting the boy's spirit in the girl's body, and *vice versa*. It will be remembered that the Duchess d'Angoulême was the only man in the Bourbon family, so Napoleon Bonaparte said. One of these unlucky blunders was made when Richard St. George Maitland, of Wareham, in lowland Virginia, was sent into this briery world. He was, as infant, boy and man, gentle, forgiving, delicately and darkly handsome, dainty in his ways, and without one spark of spirit. He was not a physical coward in the sense of being afraid of horses, dogs or guns. His early training made those things so familiar to him from the first dawn of his intelligence that he scarcely remembered when he was not an expert with them. He had, however, no robust tastes or feelings, was hopelessly weak, and at fifteen years of age cried bitterly when another boy called him a liar.

In attempting to repair her first blunder Nature made another—a common enough thing in the history of blunders. She sent Eleanor, the sister, a year younger than Richard, into the world with spirit enough for ten men. Eleanor was adventurous, robust, full of courage, humor and vindictiveness. She had an outward softness, just as Richard had a veneer of manliness, but neither was more than skin deep. Eleanor did not talk loud, dress mannishly, nor affect masculine tastes, but her virtues and her defects were those of a high-strung, high-minded boy, rather than a girl. The brother and sister were orphaned before they were in their teens, and they passed under the guardianship of their maiden aunt, Miss Rachel, a timid, incapable creature, who adored Richard, and whom Richard, in truth, resembled more than any other living creature. As Miss Rachel could by no means trust her curled darling to the rude discipline of a boys' school, for which Richard had as little fancy as she, the boy got a straggling and incomplete education from cheap governesses and tutors until he was eighteen. In these lessons Eleanor joined. There was no one to take any particular account of her except Miss Rachel, and Miss Rachel's heart was not big enough to hold more than one affection. Nor could her head hold more than one idea at a time.

She had, however, one honorable ambition for Richard—which was a university course. For that she had saved up a little sum of money from her turkeys, her butter and eggs. When the boy—for boy he always seemed—was eighteen, it occurred to Miss Rachel that he ought to be prepared for his university course by a genuine tutor, something a little different from the green youngsters she had picked up haphazard for several years past at a hundred and fifty dollars the year. Miss Rachel consulted the fount of all wisdom, the Bishop of the diocese, upon this important matter. The Bishop, like Miss Rachel, was hazy about the tutor in all points except one—he must be of good family. In Virginia it is the fine, unwritten law that a governess or tutor shall be received upon a footing not only of perfect equality but of honorable distinction, and consequently they must come from the Brahmin caste. The Bishop knitted his brows and reflected upon the various young men of good family who might be induced to take the place. Then he had an inspiration—George Huntley was the man; none better.

Miss Rachel knew who the Huntleys were—a good old Tidewater family; George Huntley's grandfather had been on the Supreme Bench at Richmond, his great-grandfather had been a professor at William and Mary College, and his father had been killed at Malvern Hills. What more could anybody ask in the way of a tutor? The Bishop mentioned incidentally that young Huntley had been two years at the University of Heidelberg, but that did not figure largely in the matter. He was engaged for the place, and promptly arrived at Wareham the first of October.

The understanding was that he should prepare Richard for the university, and incidentally teach the young sister. No one had specified Eleanor's age, and Huntley had inferred that the girl was a miss of fourteen or fifteen. His surprise and even annoyance were extreme at finding his girl pupil to be a tall, self-possessed young woman of seventeen, and looking every day of twenty. He was in a mood to be churlish; his health was not good, and he had lately encountered a disaster in love—his affair had been of more respectable proportions than those of the average young man of twenty-four. From the first moment he and Eleanor met at the supper-table the night of Huntley's arrival at Wareham, a silent, intense antagonism developed between them. Huntley, not a handsome man at best, looked cadaverous, and had dyspepsia writ large all over him. Miss Rachel, sitting timid and prim at the head of the table, was secretly relieved at the extreme sickliness of the tutor's appearance; she had had horrifying apprehensions of a young Hercules, with the strength of a blacksmith and the skill of a prize-fighter, who might lead Richard into all sorts of athletic excesses; but there was no danger of that sort with this tall, thin wisp of a man.

Eleanor found the new tutor not only sickly but dull and supercilious. Huntley found her scarcely more tolerable. Eleanor had not Richard's dark beauty. She was tall and strong and blond, with a few freckles on her fresh, smooth skin. Her face was comely rather than pretty, and her chief beauty lay in the exquisite and unstudied grace of her movements. Huntley was forced to admit that she had grace, adding to himself, disgustedly, "But to call that girl seventeen—she might be nineteen. And that flippant positiveness of her manner. Young woman, you will have to get over that before you can hope to succeed with men."

The next morning studies began in the shabby old library. Before the day was out Huntley saw that the girl had the better mind, but lacked application, while Richard had a gentle persistence, like a girl's, which told in the long run.

As the days and weeks and months passed on Eleanor and Huntley liked each other less and respected each other more. Huntley was older in character than most young men of twenty-four. He had known sorrow, and exile in a strange land, and ill health, and poverty, and mortified affections; in short, he had lived. Eleanor's life, on the contrary, had been as free from events and emotions as Huntley's had been full of both. Still, she had a singular maturity of character. This absence of childishness, of girlishness was one of Eleanor's chief sins in Huntley's eyes, though, in truth, he could accuse her of no specific cause of dislike; but he disliked her as much as if he could have called over a million faults in her.

DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

THE NEXT MORNING STUDIES BEGAN IN THE SHABBY OLD LIBRARY

As the autumn wore on his health improved rapidly but he became dreadfully bored. Eleanor was a nuisance; Richard was a manikin; Miss Rachel was colorless and stupid beyond belief. There was little society outside, and that little he cared nothing for.

The next place to Wareham had lately been bought as a shooting and fishing place by a number of New York men, and Huntley had hopes that some one from the outside might turn up there during the autumn. One afternoon, late in November, as he was walking along the line fence between the two places, he suddenly came face to face in the narrow woodland path with a gentleman he had supposed not less than four thousand miles away—Count Otto von Reben, Captain in the Imperial Hussars of His Majesty the Emperor William II.

The two men had known each other in Germany many years before, and Huntley had rather disliked the solemn, conceited puppy of a Hussar officer, but he felt a positive joy at seeing even a puppy then, so dreary was his isolation and loneliness. On recognizing one another each man was as surprised as if the other had dropped from the red planet Mars.

"What are you doing here?" both asked in a breath.

Count von Reben found his voice first. "I am here as the guest of Mr. Fountain, of New York—we are here to shoot, and yonder is the shoot-box." Von Reben occasionally slipped up on his English. "And you?"

"I am living as a tutor at Wareham, the old brick house yonder through the trees."

Von Reben, with all his faults (and they were plentiful), was no snob, and took Huntley's announcement with coolness; some people in Germany who have sixteen quarterings are glad in these days to earn their bread as tutors. And then they turned toward the shooting-box and exchanged reminiscences. Von Reben had a year's leave and was spending part of it in the United States. He had a modest allowance, which he frankly admitted went a good deal farther in Germany than in America, but he was determined to see life. He liked the American men fairly well—the women, however, were adorable.

"And, my dear Huntley," he remarked soberly, "'tis a good thing the Emperor puts restrictions on his officers in marrying, for I have seen at least a dozen women since I have been here that but for His Majesty's regulations I could have married."

"Provided they would have taken you," coolly responded Huntley. Von Reben always had been a vain fellow and needed a putting down.

The two men walked together along the path with the broomfields on one side and the red autumn woods on the other, the afternoon sun shining through a red haze. Huntley's old dislike of Von Reben made itself felt; but what with his hunger for companionship and his thirst for communication with the outside world he found himself taking pleasure in what had never pleased him when he had a choice of pleasures—Von Reben's society. As for Von Reben, he was one of those case-hardened egotists to whom one person's society was as good as another's, provided he could always be talking about himself.

The staple of his conversation was the American woman. The notion that a woman might have *esprit*, gayety and good humor was distinctly novel to him. Accustomed to the elephantine sentiment of the German girls, the airy, brilliant, half-serious coquetry of the American young person amazed and delighted him, particularly as he promptly took their audacious flatteries in sober earnest, and fancied that all the women who flirted with him were desperately in love with

him. Huntley listened with a sardonic grin to all of Von Reben's outpourings. Meanwhile they had reached the end of the ragged lawn on which the old brick house with its straggling stables and offices were placed haphazard. At that moment Eleanor Maitland, on horseback, dashed across the lawn. She rode like a lapwing, and looked handsomer on horseback than at any other time.

Von Reben gripped Huntley's arm hard. "Who is that glorious creature?" he cried.

"My pupil," replied Huntley, laughing. "Come in and be introduced to her. She isn't glorious, though. She has freckles and a turned-up nose."

Von Reben needed no second invitation. When they entered the old hall, and Eleanor, in her well-fitting habit—made by her own hands—tripped across the floor to meet them, Huntley grudgingly admitted that she was charming, if not strictly handsome. Eleanor, like most young things, was eager to meet a stranger, and beamed on the German Count. Miss Rachel appeared, and invited him to remain to supper—a courtesy due to the tutor's friend, according to the wholesome custom of the region. Von Reben was at no pains to disguise his admiration for Eleanor, rightly judging that no harm could come of it, as it was plain she would have no fifteen thousand dollars cash to pay over to the Emperor of Germany for the privilege of marrying one of His Majesty's lieutenants. Richard, handsome, gentle and excitable, was immensely taken with Von Reben; so the Count-Captain made a great success among his new-found friends. When supper was over, Huntley took him out-of-doors to smoke. As they walked up and down by the cedar hedge which bounded the lawn, the Count-Captain linked his arm in that of his old acquaintance and exclaimed: "My friend, your pupil is bound some day to be a great toast, as you call it. Let her but escape from this narrow, provincial life and you will see she will have adorers!"

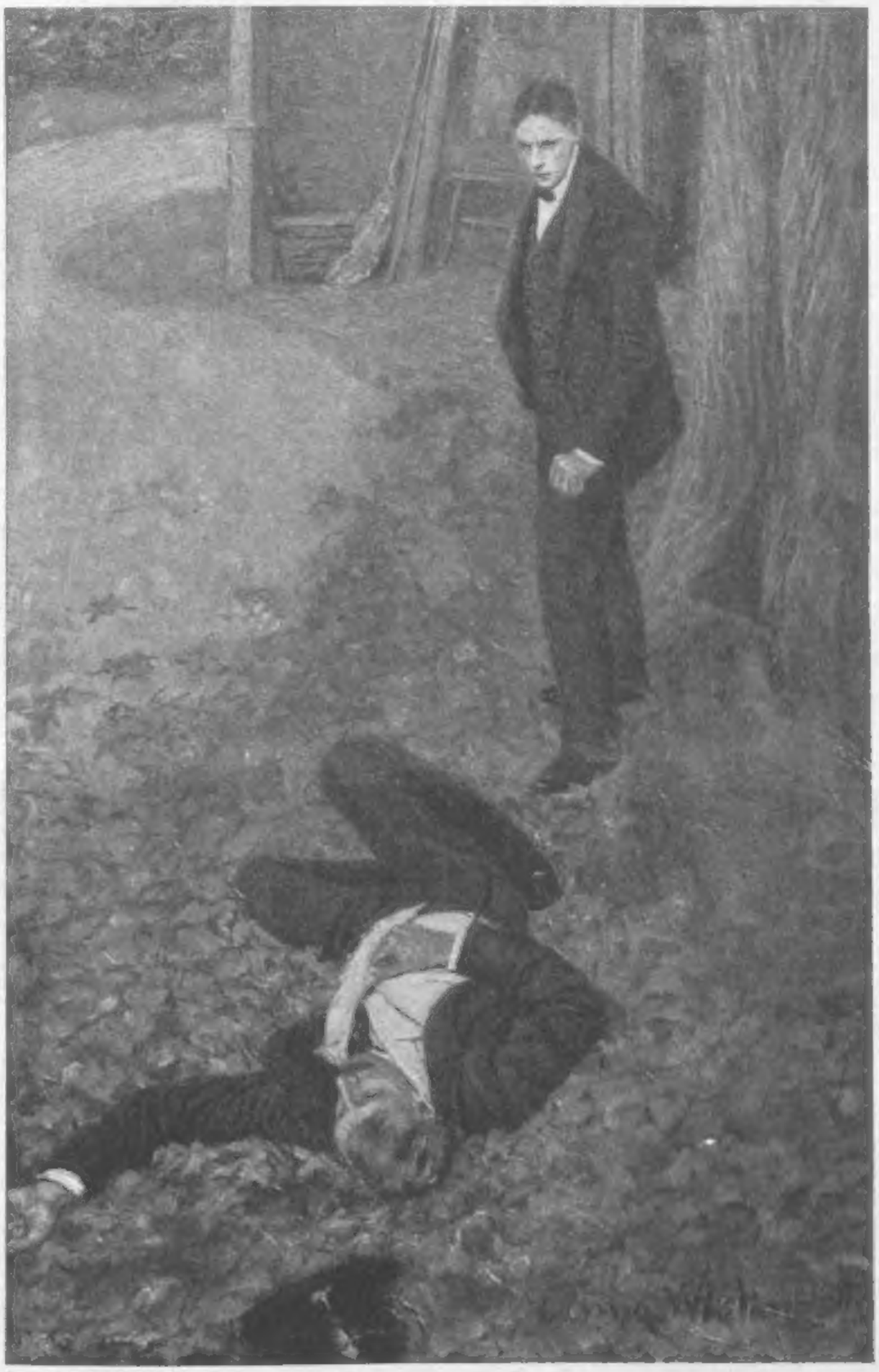
"I think not," answered Huntley. "She is rather handsome, and not deficient in sense—but strangely deficient in attractiveness to men. She is one of the few women I ever saw who I believe will never have a chance to marry, for I don't count your raptures, my dear fellow. It is simply that she lacks softness, coquetry, femininity. She is a good girl—honest, self-sacrificing, and very modest, with a fresh, frank, true modesty—but attractive—no! A man might as easily fall in love with the useful, modest and reliable pump as fall in love with Eleanor Maitland."

Not four feet away, on the other side of the hedge in the moonlight, stood Eleanor Maitland, hearing every word. She had stepped out to see if the turkeys were all in their turkey-yard, and coming back she had waited a moment to let the young men pass, and in that moment she heard words that no woman could ever forget. Deficient in attractions! Likely to die an old maid because nobody would marry her! A good girl! Pah! As soon fall in love with the useful, modest and reliable pump! And that wretched, ugly, dyspeptic schoolmaster to dare to say such things of her! Eleanor stamped upon the ground in her ecstasy of rage, and called upon the golden stars shining above her to bear witness to her everlasting hatred of Huntley. She went back to the house, hurriedly kissed her aunt good-night, left Richard at his studies—her own recitations for the next day she did not condescend to look at—and went to bed to nurse her wounded self-love.

Until one has known real sorrow, few pains are worse than those of insulted vanity. Eleanor lay awake in her little white bed, quivering in a storm of sobs and tears. And as those aspersions which have a basis of fact are always hardest to bear, so was the frightful truth borne in upon her that after all there might be something in what Huntley had said. That was but an additional torment to her wounded self-love.

After an hour of anguish for herself and hatred for Huntley, a thought rushed into her mind which lifted her up in bed as if she had received a galvanic shock. Count von Reben had not found her so unattractive! Other women practiced coquetry—why should not she learn it—she was "not deficient in sense!"—and practice it on Count von Reben? She would, she would, she would! she almost declared aloud—and went to sleep to dream that Count von Reben was on his knees before her.

The next day Huntley was conscious of a curious change in Eleanor. He thought at first she was ill, so gentle and subdued was her manner. She assured him she was not, and the dinner she ate proved she was telling the truth.



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

—THE COUNT-CAPTAIN MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE GROUND

Von Reben came over early in the afternoon, as soon as Huntley was at liberty. The two men went for a walk together. As they were passing across the lawn to the lane they met Eleanor. She had on her prettiest gown, and was swinging her hat coquettishly in her hand; coquetry was new to her, and she palpably overdid it, as she stood making eyes at Von Reben and smiling up into his face. The Count, however, was delighted—another tribute to his power over women! Huntley longed to box the girl's ears, while Eleanor, as she went upon her way, felt certain of being able to make a fool of Von Reben under Huntley's very nose. Another person, however, had succumbed as completely to Von Reben's charms as Von Reben thought Eleanor had. This was Richard, who hung upon the Count-Captain's words and could listen unwearyingly to the subjects always upon Von Reben's lips—his own adventures, travels, compliments, accidents, and general mode of life.

He was to remain a week as the guest of his New York friend, and when that week was up Richard had become so infatuated with Von Reben that he persuaded Miss Rachel to ask him to come and stay at Wareham. This Von Reben promptly accepted, much to Huntley's surprise. He imagined that a little of rural Virginia would go a long way with the Count-Captain, and was puzzled to find a reason for his remaining. It could scarcely be Eleanor, although the girl was throwing herself at Von Reben's head with an energy and persistence that made Huntley perfectly ill. Nor could it be Richard, although the boy dogged Von Reben's footsteps all day, and spent hours in his room at night after all the rest of the family were in bed. Suddenly Huntley had a moment of illumination. Von Reben had the Continental European's passion for cards—and nothing was more likely than that those midnight seances were devoted to a quiet little game. True, Richard could have little ready money, but knowing his shallow, sinewless character Huntley had no doubt that Von Reben could induce the boy to sign his name to any piece of paper offered him. Huntley was deeply annoyed and perplexed at the wolf he had so unthinkingly introduced into the sheepfold. He turned the whole unpleasant business over in his mind, and it grew not less unpleasant when he found out that his surmise about the card-playing was correct—and Von Reben was not the man to play cards for his health.

Huntley knew the uselessness of appealing to Richard, and he determined to see what a bold front would do with Von Reben. Therefore, one afternoon, a few days later, meeting the gallant Hussar at the stables, the tutor bluntly asked him:

"When do you return to New York?"

"I don't know," Von Reben answered dreamily. "You who have been in the house with that charming Eleanor a long time without adoring her—how can you understand my reluctance to leave her? I cannot marry her—the Emperor will not let me—but I love—I love—I shall always be her lover!" which he pronounced as if it were loafer.

"Perhaps you will," promptly replied Huntley, "but I am not thinking so much of the girl as I am of the boy—for she is quite able to take care of herself. He is not."

Von Reben's blue eyes assumed a look of brooding tenderness, and laying his hands on Huntley's shoulders, he seemed to be gazing far beyond the world of vision.

"My friend," he said, "you do not know—you cannot know—the temptation that besets me to take this adorable Eleanor back to Germany with me. I cannot make her my wife—but if constancy, devotion—all that woman could ask——"

The sentence was interrupted by Huntley's planting his fist so suddenly and so vigorously between Von Reben's eyes that the Count-Captain measured his length on the ground.

He scrambled up at once, too dazed and astounded to be angry. Huntley was standing over him, clinching and unclinching his fists, and sparks of fire flashing from his eyes. "What has happened? What have I said?" asked Von Reben, quite bewildered.

"What has happened," replied Huntley, gritting his teeth in rage, "is that you have said words about an innocent young girl which place your life in jeopardy, and I knocked you down by way of warning. Remember, in this country, where a woman's honor is concerned men do not argue. They shoot—and they shoot uncommonly straight, too. I advise you, therefore, to leave this place by the first opportunity—to-morrow's steamboat."

Von Reben's jaw dropped. He was thunderstruck, but something in Huntley's eloquent and menacing look convinced him he was hearing the truth and nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, in the chaos of his mind one fact struggled to the surface. An officer, receiving a blow, must have satisfaction—and he was not deficient in that automatic courage of his class. He drew himself up and said stiffly:

"I have no friend to represent me here, but I can find one in New York, and if you will not go there to grant me the

satisfaction one gentleman owes another I will engage to have my friend come here."

Meanwhile Huntley had recovered his self-possession.

"Pray don't trouble yourself about either," he coolly remarked, lighting a cigar. "I haven't the slightest notion of giving you a chance to make a hole in my carcass. The offense of which you have been guilty—an implication against an innocent young girl—places you in imminent danger—but the other fellow doesn't take the slightest risk."

"Do you mean to say," asked Von Reben after a moment of dazed and incredulous silence, "that for a remark such as I made in the frankness of friendship just now I am knocked down, ordered to leave the section under pain of a still worse threat, and no satisfaction whatever accorded me?"

"Precisely," replied Huntley, beginning to puff at his cigar. "No one could state the case better. Did you never hear of the Irishman who wrote back to his friend in Cork: 'Pat, this is a mighty good country for women and cows, and a mighty bad country for men and horses?' Now, this is, in truth, a mighty bad country for men like you—and the sooner you get out of it the better. I give you fair warning. Unless you leave to-morrow, of your own free will, you will be sent away. For the sake of the ladies at Wareham I will say nothing of this until you are gone, but don't abuse my indulgence."

With that Huntley walked toward the house, inwardly swearing at Von Reben, at that foolish boy Richard, at that wrong-headed girl Eleanor, and most of all at himself for introducing Von Reben to the Wareham household. Von Reben mechanically turned the other way, toward the fields and woods. He tried very hard to adjust his ideas to the strange conditions in which he was enmeshed. He had seen and heard a good many things which made him believe that the Americans were, after all, more than half savage; and this last brutal and unintelligible affair convinced him that civilization had made small headway in the United States. He therefore determined it could matter little how and why he left the society of such barbarians, and he would go next day. Turning these thoughts in his mind, he came upon Eleanor on the edge of a field fringed with trees. She was standing under a chestnut tree, and was throwing a stick into the branches to knock down the chestnuts. Her hat had fallen off, and her bronze hair was in beautiful disorder. Her cheeks were flushed, and she had a kind of natural, Dryad-like beauty that might indeed have charmed the great god Pan himself.

She stopped throwing the stick as Von Reben tramped through the dead leaves in the path toward her, and he imagined he saw a soft welcome in her eyes. Eleanor was indeed ready to practice upon him her new-found arts of beguiling, and considerably more than willing to make a fool of him, especially under Huntley's nose.

Von Reben marched up and then with solemn sentimentality said: "Do you know, Mees Eleanor, that I leave to-morrow?"

"Do you?" asked Eleanor, in a tone of acute disappointment; what would she do for a block to try her experiment on?—was the thought in her mind.

"Yes, and it is hard to go"—and then, turning the conversation skillfully into the channels relating to love and marriage, Von Reben imparted to her the financial requirements necessary to marry an officer in the German Army.

Eleanor listened gravely, her sense of humor too intensely tickled for her to lose one word of the information Von Reben was gloomily imparting to her. She looked so quaint, so sweet, so sympathetic, that if she had possessed a hundred thousand dollars, or even fifty thousand, Von Reben would have liked to marry her at that moment.

"And so," she said presently, in a tone of sad abstraction, after hearing him out, "a girl must have fifteen thousand dollars cash in order to marry an officer of your rank?"

"Yes. Alas!" replied Von Reben, with a sigh.

"Well, I haven't that much money to save my life," Eleanor responded with sudden gayety, "and if I had I wouldn't invest it in a German officer when I can get an American just as good without paying anything for him. Come, let's go back to the house."

Surprise, and a faint repulsion toward her, came over Von Reben. He remembered Huntley's words, "flippant positiveness," "no girlishness," "no softness." At that moment he would not have married her for a cent less than a hundred thousand dollars, and his admiration for American women considerably abated. How could they, brought up in the atmosphere of the savagery of American men, be truly admirable? Von Reben was conscious of a want of affinity with the whole American nation just then.

In the house events were taking place. Huntley, going to his room, passed the door of Miss Rachel's. He heard a sound of sobbing, and Richard, in his soft, pleading voice, was saying something brokenly about "my honor."

"Take it, take it, the last five hundred I have in the world," wailed Miss Rachel; "but that man must leave, and I can never forgive Mr. Huntley for bringing him here."

Neither could Huntley forgive himself. He privately determined that Von Reben should not take away with him poor Miss Rachel's five hundred dollars of butter and chicken money.

When they all assembled at supper, the constraint was so visible it might have been cut with a knife. It infected everybody except Eleanor. The girl was in great spirits, and to Von Reben's annoyance plumped out the whole story of the cold cash necessary to marry a German officer, adding:

"If ever I have fifteen thousand dollars to buy a lieutenant with, you may all depend upon it I shan't take the first one I see. I shall have at least a dozen sent me to inspect before I lay out my good money."

Von Reben colored furiously, and Huntley, for the hundredth time that week, yearned to box Eleanor's ears. He had suddenly discovered a great deal of the child in this tall young girl, and having disliked her for her want of childishness, he now disliked her twice as much for having so much of it.

As they rose from the table Von Reben announced to Miss Rachel his coming departure next day. She faintly replied she was sorry he was going and hoped he would return—and being inexpert as a liar, the untruth would not have deceived a baby.

Early hours were the rule at Wareham, and by ten o'clock all were in their rooms. But five minutes past ten Richard had stolen into Von Reben's room, had locked the door, and pulling a little calico bag out of his pocket, slapped it down on the table with silly triumph, whispering:

"Here it is. She gave it to me this afternoon—five hundred dollars in gold."

"Good!" softly exclaimed Von Reben, producing at the same time a rouleau of gold such as foreign banks provide. And then begun a game of *écarté*, at which Von Reben excelled and Richard was no better than a nincompoop.

Huntley sat in his room with a book in his hand, listening intently. At half-past ten he got up, pulled off his coat, put on his dressing slippers, and went noiselessly out into the passage. Somebody was there before him. Eleanor drew back into the darkness of a turn in the stairs as Huntley stepped across the hall, and throwing his weight against Von Reben's door, burst it in with a great noise.

Yes, it was just as he expected—cards, and Von Reben plucking Richard like a pigeon. The boy jumped up as pale as death; Von Reben sat still, his cards in his hands, and a frown on his forehead. This intrusion into his bedroom he considered most unjustifiable, and was prepared to resent it. But he was not prepared when Eleanor dashed into the room and, taking in the situation at a glance, walked up to Von Reben and, deliberately slapping him full in the face with all her young strength, cried:

"Oh, you abominable wretch—to come here and swindle this poor, weak boy out of money that isn't his!"

Von Reben sat as if paralyzed—and so stood Huntley and Richard. Huntley had suspected that Eleanor had a good hot temper of her own, but this exhibition of childish rage astounded him. Before he could say a word, or Von Reben could protest, she had swept all the gold off the table into her skirt and turned to go out. "Stop!" cried Von Reben, recovering his voice when he saw his money walking off. "Return my money!"

"I shall not," shrieked Eleanor defiantly. "I don't know which is yours and which is Aunt Rachel's—nor how much you have swindled that foolish boy out of, so I shall take it all!"

Von Reben started toward her, but Huntley quietly placed himself before him, and Eleanor marched out, seizing Richard as she went and taking him along with her.

Huntley and Von Reben were then left alone. Von Reben spoke in a voice of concentrated rage. "I call you to witness that I have been robbed, but I shall have redress."

"By all means," replied Huntley. "I have nothing to do with that part of the affair. But you must leave this house at once. Else I shall get help and put you out."

"Is there no law for the protection of strangers in this country?" roared Von Reben, trembling with wrath.

"Oh, yes. Plenty. But there are certain unwritten laws which decree that when a stranger acts as you have done he has no rights which anybody is bound to respect. And, you know, unwritten laws are much more strictly obeyed than written laws. There is nothing for you to do but to get away as quickly and as quietly as you can."

Von Reben stood up and swore long and loud at the country, its institutions, its men, its women, and its customs, and then went downstairs and out of the house, still swearing. Huntley politely assuring him that his belongings would be sent over early in the morning, but he could not answer for the money.

Going back upstairs, Huntley was met by Miss Rachel in a dressing-gown, her hair done up in curl-papers. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed out upon his bosom that he was the saviour of her poor, innocent boy. Richard was in a state of maudlin repentance by that time, and Miss Rachel, taking the boy's head upon her lap, proceeded to assure him of her undying affection, and soon persuaded him that he was an innocent victim of circumstances. Seeing nothing of Eleanor, Huntley knocked at at her door, and she appeared, fully dressed.

"Will you come downstairs and give me five minutes' conversation?" he asked in a tone that admitted of no parleying.

Eleanor sullenly followed him downstairs into the old library, when Huntley, lighting a lamp and placing it so he could see her face well, spoke.

"Of course you will give me back Von Reben's money. I could not demand it before him, but I took it for granted as soon as you cooled off you would return it."

"I haven't cooled off," replied Eleanor fiercely.

Huntley controlled his temper by an effort. What argument could he use with this unreasonable child? After a moment he said:

"Do you mean to say you will not return it?"

"I do," replied Eleanor, but the note of defiance in her voice was fainter.

"Very good," was Huntley's answer. "There is but one thing to do—to go over to the club-house and ask Von Reben how much he had and to give him my check for the amount. If I have not so much in bank I shall give him my note for the balance."

Eleanor stood for five minutes, the light from the lamp falling full on her face. Huntley was forced to acknowledge that, although not a beautiful face, it was the most expressive one he had ever seen. Without uttering a word, he read in her changing color, her tremulous, mobile mouth, her eyes, now darkening, now lightening, full of fire and dew, all the mortification, anger, resistance, uncertainty, and, at last, the submission that possessed her. When at last she moved off slowly to fetch the money, her downcast eyes filled with tears, her drooping figure, even her small, half-closed hands, were eloquent of feeling. Huntley wondered that he had ever thought her lacking in softness.

Von Reben left the next day, taking his money with him. He had got it, with what he considered a most outrageous note, from Huntley—and so very unpleasant were the Count-Captain's experiences among the American barbarians that he gave up his leave and took the next steamer home, swearing to himself that of all the savages on this planet the Americans were the worst and lowest.

The behavior of Huntley and Eleanor after this puzzled and annoyed Miss Rachel much. Before, as they had hated each other, they had maintained an attitude of perfectly civil ill-will and contempt toward each other. This Miss Rachel took for agreeable politeness and congeniality. After the Von Reben affair Miss Rachel declared that the tutor and his pupil led a regular cat-and-dog life. They were perpetually squabbling, and neither one could be persuaded to let the other one alone. This lasted until the very week before Huntley's engagement closed in June. "And I can't possibly have him here another year," fretfully declared Miss Rachel to Eleanor. "The way you and he dispute and wrangle is perfectly disgraceful. He is very provoking to you, but you are extremely rude to him."

"I know it," said Eleanor in a strange voice. Well, there would be no more wrangling after that week.

She went out of the house, and walked about the lawn in the still June evening, trying to imagine how it would be when Huntley was gone forever. Presently she found herself at the opening in the hedge where she had heard Huntley disparage her to Von Reben that autumn night. She stopped and looked about her at the sweet, familiar scene—the old brick house embowered in trees, a great, smoky, golden moon rising behind the fringe of chestnuts on the ridge before her, the stars shining in the blue-black heavens—how piercing was its beauty then, and how strange and cold and unlovely would it be next week when Huntley was gone. For the knowledge that the light of the moon and the stars and the sound of the summer winds would not be the same without him as with him burst upon her in that moment. She was standing, pale and bewildered with this new and strange discovery, when Huntley stepped through the hedge.

"This place always reminds me of that scoundrel, Von Reben," he said.

"Yes," cried Eleanor, with something like a sob in her voice. "It was here I heard you tell him I had no softness, no femininity—and I was one woman who would remain an old maid because I could not help myself. Oh, I remember it all!" and she burst into tears.

Huntley was cut to the heart. He took her hand and said, "Forgive me. I was ill. I was cross. I had dyspepsia. I didn't know you, Eleanor."

And in some way the touch of her hand made him say what he had not, until that moment, dreamed of saying: "And as to your being an old maid because no man would ask you, dear, I ask you now, and implore you to be my wife."

Eleanor declared, for a whole week, with tears, and laughter, and gibes, and jeers, and taunts, and smiles, and sobs, that nothing—no, nothing on earth would induce her to marry Huntley. Nevertheless, she married him before three months were gone.

Couldn't Fool Inspector Byrnes

WHEN former Superintendent Thomas Byrnes was the celebrated Inspector Byrnes of the New York detective force, he occupied a queer suite of rooms in one corner of the old marble police headquarters in Mulberry Street. It was always a place of mystery. The Inspector sat at a flat table at one end of the room. It was frequently covered with papers. On the walls in glass cases were odds and ends of criminology, bits of ropes that had hanged notorious murderers, black caps, revolvers that had figured in infamous cases, and other depressing objects.

One day the Inspector left a new reporter at his table and went into another room. He was gone half an hour. When he came back the reporter said:

"Inspector, did you have me watched while you were gone?"

"No. Why?"

"There are some pretty interesting papers on your desk, aren't there?"

"Nothing of any great value. Why do you ask?"

"What was to prevent my reading some of those letters and getting a mighty good story for my paper?" asked the reporter.

"Two reasons," answered the Inspector. "In the first place, I never leave a scrap of paper on my desk that the whole world is not welcome to read. Secondly, you couldn't have touched a sheet without my knowing it. Look at that penholder," pointing to a cheap affair laid carelessly across a bundle of papers. "Notice the direction in which it points. One end points at that door knob and the other at that black cap. Now you never would have noticed that, but I did before leaving the room, and if you had touched a single paper you would have displaced that penholder and I would have known it."

Through HARVARD on FIFTY Cents

By Garrison Williams

FOR at least a century Harvard has been known as "the rich man's college." The implication of that phrase has doubtless deterred many a poor young man from an attempt to enter her portals. The implication is that Harvard is a decidedly uncomfortable place for the student not possessed of much money; that he had far better look elsewhere.

The contrary is the truth. Wealth by no means assures success at Harvard. Though it is true that the cost of living is greater than the cost of living at Oxford, at Heidelberg, or the other foreign universities, it is none the less possible to secure all of the advantages which the catalogue has to offer for an expenditure seemingly impossible. To have a room in Dunster or Claverly Hall, to furnish one's rooms richly, to keep a stable and belong to the costly clubs of the college, is to spend in the neighborhood of $10,000 a year. But given pluck and brains to pit against the dollars of his more fortunate (or would you say *un*fortunate?) fellows, the poor man can work his way through Harvard with very little money and very great self-satisfaction, and graduate with honors far beyond the reach of men who waste their time as they waste the parental allowance, virtually buying their diplomas in the end.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF TUTORS

When I say buying their diplomas I do not, of course, mean actual purchase and sale. There is, however, a regularly established system, politely called tutoring, by which students who disdain study may hurriedly absorb such knowledge as they are likely to be questioned about at forthcoming examinations. Among the indolent and well-to-do the "mid-years" and "finals" are bound to find many who are forced to have recourse to printed notes, syllabuses, seminars, and other aids and abetments of laziness. This is the "cramming" of the English colleges, and though the faculty openly discourages it, so long as there are quick wits on one side and long purses on the other some sort of bargain will be struck despite the most awful fulminations of the Dean. Legitimate tutoring is officially recognized. The growth of the University has largely eliminated from all but the most advanced and zealously guarded "starred" courses the personal element of guidance. To meet this lapse the heads of departments post upon the department bulletin boards the names of authorized tutors to the departments, chosen from the poor and brilliant scholars—at once an honor and an aid. The charges vary with the experience and ability of the tutor. The best work brings three dollars the hour, and from there down, as necessity and opportunity may determine.

That the poorest student has an equal chance for education with the richest is evidenced in my own experiences. Poverty, unless it is of the abject, helpless and hopeless kind, should never deter any young man from seeking knowledge at the fountain-head. For those who have no family resources Harvard offers many inducements in the way of scholarships and beneficiary funds. There are open no less than 206 scholarships, with grants ranging from $30 to $300. Every kind of premium is placed upon good scholarship. Had it not been for this fact, I, for one, could never have passed through Harvard. I doubt if any young man ever entered upon a college career under more unfavorable, nay, disheartening circumstances than I did. I was handicapped by ill health, a poor memory, and a reticent demeanor that I could not seem to conquer, be as bold as I might. My record as a student was so mean and unimpressive that I received upon my entrance to the University the maximum number of conditions.

WHAT MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED AGAINST ODDS

I had come to Cambridge with recommendations as a faithful and ambitious student, though I was from a new and therefore supposedly inefficient preparatory school. Somehow I floundered through my examination books, evoking, I am certain, the sympathy of the proctors in charge of the room. You may easily believe I was a happy youth when I saw my name posted in University Hall as admitted. Burdened though I was with drawbacks, my dogged determination had won for me the first step in the realization of all my boyhood dreams—a career at Harvard.

My plight upon arrival was bad enough, but added to my other shortcomings was the lack of funds for my immediate and pressing wants. From the moment I stepped off the car in Cambridge until the hour I crossed the yard for the last time I was thrown entirely upon my own resources in meeting the expenses of my course. Like an ominous spirit, foreboding evil, there arose constantly before me that old cry, "Harvard is the rich man's college." Now I can look back and smile at those first, fearful days, so full of apprehension for the future, so darkened by my worry as to how and where I was to obtain my equipment of books and furniture. I should not like to repeat the experiences of my first quarter-year at Harvard, helpful as those experiences were in making me resourceful and self-reliant. Because of my absolute poverty I learned to know the hard, outside business world much more intimately than do most students. I developed a keen commercial acumen along with intellectual breadth.

When I left Boston for Cambridge I had precisely fifty cents in my waistcoat pocket! I did not dare to spend any part of that huge wealth for food. To complicate matters, I had no idea as to where I should spend the night. I was totally unacquainted with the town. I found myself in the late afternoon in Harvard Square, as hungry and homeless as any tramp. I was travel-stained and footsore. I did not know that a mere inquiry would have set me on the right track to both food and shelter.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST NIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE

Aimlessly I wandered through Cambridge with about the same feeling of desolation that would have possessed the soul of John Harvard—who knew the old town only as Newtown—had he linked arms with me that memorable evening and gone in search of a room. Through Cambridge Street and Holyoke Street I strolled, "sizing up" the houses in which I had been told rooms were to let. The New England spirit of enterprise that has turned every third dwelling in Cambridge into a lodging-house for students prevented me from securing a room "on trust." My sole baggage was the hand satchel I carried. Finally, in a far corner of Kirkland Street I found a kindly woman who seemed willing to take me in on speculation. I went to bed supperless but not wholly miserable.

I had left my native Pennsylvania town with enough to pay traveling expenses, plus my treasured fifty-cent piece and the promise of a loan of $175 from an intimate friend of my father. The latter was also one of my bondsmen, depositing in due time and order with the Bursar one-half the required $400 as a guarantee against my possible failure to meet all bills. The loaned $175 I fully expected to receive the day after my arrival. My representations to my trusting landlady were based on this assurance. The next day came, but the money did not. I haunted the express office through which it was to be delivered, and thought I saw in the face of the affable clerk the positive traces of criminal tendencies. I was plainly in pawn.

Would he allow me to display my extraordinary skill as a window decorator?

AN APPRENTICESHIP IN PRACTICAL ARCHITECTURE

It was late in the afternoon of my second day when I screwed up sufficient courage to approach the proprietor of one of the Boston bookstores and propose that I should dress up his shop windows with the new books, stationery and writing materials he offered for sale. I spoke very rapidly and earnestly to hide my confusion and humiliation, and declared I could attract in one day more customers by my handiwork than had come into his store in a week. Would he allow me to display my extraordinary skill as a window decorator? He finally consented to my proposition, and the price agreed upon was three dollars if my work proved wholly satisfactory. My impromptu effort was a revelation to myself. I think I did not arrange those books and things with any regard to harmonious blending of colors, but I built up some wonderful arches with paper boxes, and made some striking if inartistic rosettes with a bundle of pen-wipers and a stock of pencils. It is true that some of my geometrical effects in books were marred by placing them so that the casual spectator would have to stand on his or her head in order to read the titles. The chief thing of moment was that I received three dollars for my work. That night I dined—dined luxuriously, it seemed to me—and walked to my room with my chest out and my nose high in the air.

Then came my examinations, and if the borrowed money had not arrived at about the same time I should have flung myself into the Charles River. To be poor of pocket and poor of brain and still have enough perception left to realize one's state of hopeless demoralization seemed to me the very essence of ironical fate. Two of the three dollars earned as a window decorator went to my landlady—a sop to Cerberus. There was left of my original half-dollar just one lonely five-cent piece when my borrowed $175 came along to lift me from my slough of despond.

I felt secure with only my room rent of $2.50 the week to pay and a chance to live gayly on at least $125, allowing $50 for the payment of my first tuition bill in the coming February, which seemed almost far away enough to make me reckless. But I had counted without my host, as the phrase runs. There were incidentals to be paid for, which made the payment something more than a mere incident in my early college life.

I found that for $2.50 the week I could dine at the Foxcroft Club in a way that passeth human belief; with good roast beef at fifteen cents the plate, and side dishes at three and five cents each, topping off with good coffee and the inevitable piece of pie for eight cents, you may dine *à la* Foxcroft with true epicurean gusto and satisfaction. But what I found was reasonable enough in the way of inexpensive catering to the inner man, I soon discovered was offset by a monopoly in text-books. To-day all this is changed. The Coöperative—familiarly known as "The Coop"—managed by the students themselves, furnishes all necessaries to its members at cost prices.

A SCHOLASTIC MONOPOLY

Text-books were purchasable at but one place, and that place in Cambridge. There were many reasons why it was impossible to buy one's necessary books in any shop other than the Cambridge place, but it must suffice to tell that in the latter establishment text-books could only be bought and paid for at such prices as would appall the bookseller familiar with competition. My text-books did all but send me into absolute bankruptcy. I thanked Heaven my room rent was paid up some weeks in advance, though I trembled for myself when I thought of the likelihood of starving to death. The idea of starvation first came to me as an airy fancy; later, I was confronted by it as a grim and terribly real spectre. My original capital of $175 had dwindled to a $20 bill before I had actually fallen into the routine of my first term at college. In later years I realized what was not evident to me at the start—that the first months, necessitating as they do the purchase of many things used throughout the four years of college life, makes an initial expense larger in proportion than that of succeeding years.

HOW TO LIVE IN LUXURY AT $2.50 THE WEEK

Before the expiration of the spring term of my Freshman year I had imbibed much wisdom other than that printed in my text-books. I had learned how to live more economically than I had been doing, and how to make money within college grounds. Two-thirds of my original "pile" had gone by that time for tuition and text-books, and the balance paid for a few weeks' board and lodging. For the cost of the latter I had no complaint. My landlady was a second mother to me. There were three other student lodgers in the house, but somehow I did not affiliate with them, and none of us saw much of each other.

My quarters were remarkably cozy and homelike; I am certain no such comforts can be found at a cost so low outside of Cambridge. My home (as I soon came to call it) was one of those numerous houses where student lodgers had been catered to for two or three generations. I found that my motherly landlady, though keen enough at a bargain, had supported herself for years by means of her rented rooms. Conceive, if you will, a large, square room, in the old style, the door and window trimmings of Colonial design and painted white, and you have an outline sketch of the place I called home. Nothing was there that might be called luxurious, but everything was useful and some things were beautiful. An old-time mahogany dresser stood between the two windows of the room, and atop of this very dignified bit of furniture an oval mirror tilted between supports. A bamboo bookrack rose from the floor at one corner. There was an open fireplace with grate and fender. In a far corner stood my bed—an iron-framed affair, immaculately spread, and in the centre of the room was the study table, round and heavy, standing on its supports with a suggestion of being built all of a piece with the house itself. I was rich in chairs—four of them; two thickly upholstered ones, a walnut rocker, and the inevitable "Harvard chair"—a compromise between a steamer, a dentist's and a Morris chair, with the virtues of all these and an individuality of its own. For all this ease and comfort I paid the munificent sum of $2.50 the week. I could have lived out the whole of my college life in this sunny, cheerful apartment, but for the fact that it was inconveniently distant from the University, and I felt the need of keeping in hourly touch with congenial fellow-students. It

was for this last reason mainly that I removed my few small belongings from the Kirkland Street house, bade my foster-mother a regretful adieu, and made my home for the rest of my Freshman and the whole of my Sophomore year in Divinity Hall, where as one of some half-dozen laymen—a clannish, irreverent but studious crew—I was happy, if poor.

WHEN THINGS LOOKED AT THEIR BLACKEST

The means by which I eked out my early college days, after my borrowed money was gone and I had succeeded in accumulating a number of bothersome debts, can perhaps be imagined by a recital of a few of my adventures in search of the elusive dollar. One day when I was completely stranded, with no hope of earning immediate cash (I could not bring myself to borrow from my classmates), I walked through the yard doing some hard thinking. Mechanically I drew out my watch to see the time. Here was my salvation. I would pawn it.

It was with the assurance of ignorance that I hurried into a Boston loan-office and asked for $50—$10 less than the original price. The struggle between my pride and my insistent hunger was sharp, but brief. I received $15 and left my watch. Later I pawned two rings and some silver toilet articles. These latter yielded me $7.50. This was the darkest hour of my college life. In a day of black extremity it was announced that I had won one of several prizes on the Bowdoin foundation, which meant $100, payable at an early date. Later I contested successfully for the Boylston prize for elocution, which yielded me $45. You may guess my condition of mind when I found these honors and (what was more to the point at the time) the accompanying helpful dollars showered upon me. This success changed my whole point of view and gave me a new inspiration to work for success. I determined not only to pay my way as I went, but to lay up riches for the future. I found this latter resolve impossible of realization. I worked and studied as only an ambitious youth can.

AN OPENING CAREER AS POLITICIAN AND CATERER

Another poor student, to whom I had been attracted by that same affinity which draws into congenial groups by themselves tramps, railroad Presidents and house-breakers, had a marvelous possession in a typewriter machine. I was a good operator, and my skill enabled me to earn enough for an entire new outfit of clothing and a few—just a few—little luxuries: a new briar pipe, for example, and a couple of pounds of good tobacco. Upon my borrowed machine I wrote, at a reduced rate per folio, letters, manuscripts and circulars—everything that can be expressed by the characters of the alphabet. For a Boston politician I wrote an address which he afterward delivered to his constituents amid awed praise and wild applause ($10). For a student's dinner-party I turned off twenty decorated menu cards, making the floral borders, etc., with combinations of the X and O signs of my writing instrument (result, $5). A greater part of my work was writing manuscripts for some of the professors, which, though laborious and exacting, was liberally paid for and helpful where the manuscript to be typewritten touched upon a subject in which I was interested. From such jobs I earned about $70. To do this work I had to sacrifice many sleeping hours and permitted myself no recreation. For the rest of my first year I virtually pounded out my living expenses on the typewriter, which I was soon able to rent at a low rate from my friend, who seldom used the machine and needed the money. Only once since I had secured the typewriter was I in actual need of money. That gloomy time came when my machine collapsed (from overwork, I presume) and had to be laid off for repairs for nearly a week.

A VACATION OF HARD WORK

My vacation was a mere word, for during the summer I worked ten hours a day as porter in a country hotel. There were many humiliations attached to the position, but these were as nothing to the severe ankle sprain I received in handling a big trunk that slipped my grasp and threw me, neck and heels, as a bronco throws an inexperienced horseman, down a flight of steps. I was "docked" a day's earnings for my "carelessness," though my employer, a gruff man with a heart only partially ossified by worrisome years of hotel management, paid my doctor's fee, revoked the penalty, and gave me a fortnight's rest on full pay. At the beginning of my Sophomore year I had earned enough to pay my tuition fee, but that was all. From the loan fund of the college I borrowed $75; from the beneficiary funds I collected another $75; for some newspaper correspondence I received $30, and with small jobs, such as painting a fellow-student's blackened eye to a normal hue, bill-posting, song and speech writing, and my usual typewriting performances, I pulled through free and clear, with a few dollars left in my purse. This was gratifying, because my expenses were considerably higher than those of the previous year. I had bought myself a few luxuries, and had added a number of choice volumes to my growing library. When I moved into Divinity Hall I had hired my furniture and was given the privilege of paying the bill at Commencement. This I was able to do. I had indulged myself in Boston plays, and had spent some money on mild luxuries, and still was on the safe side of the ledger.

My vacation was a mere word

A PROSPEROUS AND BUSY JUNIOR YEAR

During my Junior year my receipts were close upon $600. This good showing I was able to make by doing manuscript typewriting of a technical nature for one of the best-known professors at Harvard. He turned over to me the manuscript sheets of two books, and I translated his scrawl into intelligible English copy for the printer. One of the queer means by which I earned a quick $5 was the removal of a calf's intestines for the use of a professor in the medical school. All was fish that came to my net.

Students are necessarily debarred from the numerous scholarships offered until they have behind them a year's attendance and the records—recitation and examination—of their work. Finding myself eligible for certain prizes, I at once set about competing for them. My success was out of all proportion with my effort, for I attempted to secure everything available, and received—besides $200 from the Price Greenleaf Aid—a $250 award in the Bigelow scholarship, another $250 from the Bowditch scholarship, and a trifle over $50 for coaching a number of well-to-do idlers. Toward the end of my Junior year I secured quite a corner on the "private tutoring" business by forming classes convening for an hour or an hour and a half at a time and putting the delinquents through a rapid "course of sprouts," giving them valuable tips on questions, and bringing them into condition for the examinations. Bunching them together in this fashion, I was enabled to charge from fifty cents to $2 per capita (according to the difficulty of the studies), and as I conducted my educational kalsomining business on a strictly cash basis I made money until the arrival of examination days put an end to my monopoly.

With an increased income I bought better clothes, paying $30 for a measured suit where formerly a $12 ready-made outfit had to suffice. I began to feel less like an outcast. It is true I joined none of the expensive clubs—like the Porcellian—nor did I become connected with any of the numerous societies which form a social network around Harvard. I kept no high-bred dogs and horses, and had no drains upon my pocketbook from the dues of the athletic clubs, but college life was sweet to me, and the companionships I formed in Cambridge are still as strong as in the early days.

For a Boston politician I wrote an address which he afterward delivered

A TRIFLE THAT DETERMINED A CAREER

I began the summer following my Junior year with a brave attempt at driving a buckboard, but soon proved myself worthy of nobler occupation and was elevated to the proud position of hotel clerk—minus the traditional diamond shirt-stud and "loud" clothing. I became so prosperous on $15 a week (board and room free) that I was tempted to embark on the profession of hotel clerk and drop my aspirations to the bar. Something happened which deterred me from adopting a stand behind hotel counters. It was a foolish little incident, but it determined my future occupation, and I am sure I have not yet had cause to regret the choice. A great political discussion had arisen in the country town of which the hotel where I was employed was the chief hostelry. The discussion centred upon whether or not a new and more commodious town hall should be erected to supplant the Noah's Ark box which served as the present seat of municipal business. It was a momentous subject, and the opponents of the new edifice were in the majority—close-fisted farmers, for the most part. A mass-meeting was arranged so that the most eloquent advocates of the town hall question should furnish opinions for the townsmen to act upon at the forthcoming election. More for the fun of the thing than for any other motive, I volunteered to speak in favor of erecting a public structure "in keeping with the beauty and prosperity of the community." To those who opposed the innovation my proposed address was of no consequence. Being a "rank outsider," I was not looked upon with much enthusiasm by those who accepted my services, but they were short of speakers and I "might fill in a gap."

The great night came, and every man of the place who could walk or be carried came to the little toy town hall. I had worked up interest in the verbal contest of the evening among the half-hundred male guests of the hotel, and they helped swell the throng. Speeches in varying degree convincing and ungrammatical had been made when there came a lull in the proceedings.

ATTIC RHETORIC FROM A BARREL HEAD

This was my chance. Mounted on a barrel just outside the door, I began to harangue the crowd which struggled in vain to get through the doorway of the hall. There were almost as many persons outside the building as were within. I began in a loud voice to call attention to the inadequacy of the old structure on such occasions as the present one. I talked of the "penny wise, pound foolish" policy of town and village government. I appealed to the native's pride of citizenship and to his patriotism. I piled quotation on quotation, and hurled Latin and Greek at them in rolling periods. I finally wound up my peroration with a pat and amusing story, and retired amid the cheers of both progressives and conservatives. I had drawn out most of the audience from the hall by the mere vigor of my voice. There was nothing too good for me in the town after that night. A new town hall was unanimously agreed upon. I could have had a political office for the asking. They wanted me to open a law office in the town at once, and said I could enjoy a monopoly of the county's legal business if I would settle there. I think so much flattery turned my head, for I went back to Harvard determined to be a great legal luminary in one of the big cities. One thing saved me from conceit. It was the remark of my employer at the hotel: "You may be a pretty glib talker, an' you may know all about law an' politics, young man, but you're a mighty poor hotel clerk."

My Senior year at Harvard, as was and is the case with every earnest student, found every hour of the day, and many hours of the night, occupied with profitable work, equally profitable schemes, or study. I do not think I squandered a single minute. While, perforce, I studied more sedulously, I also contrived to earn more money than in previous years. This was no easy task. Besides keeping up my "coaching parties," I captured four scholarship prizes amounting in monetary value to $525. I do not think I possess an especial talent for profound thought, and am not much concerned about the elegance of my spoken or written thought. I was as much surprised as any one to find that I could win honors and dollars by working a few hours overtime on prize dissertations. I have the knack of conveying my ideas plainly in straightforward English, and a gift of words was provided for me upon my arrival in the world; and these have done much for me as student and lawyer.

THE PATH TO PROMINENCE AT LAST OPENS

I made an assistant of my fellow-student, whose typewriter I eventually bought outright, and turned out of hand a lot of work by proxy. I found myself respected by the fellows who from the start had stepped naturally into prominence, and not infrequently went to their rooms as a guest. This means something in a community where a student may keep himself as isolated as Crusoe on his island, and where social distinctions of rich and poor, idlers and workers, are as clearly marked as though the University were a big town. What

with my several sources of income, my growing name (and its consequent benefit) as a tutor and general utility man, I made my final year at Harvard yield me large dividends. At the beginning of my Senior term I forsook Divinity Hall and moved over to better quarters in the yard. I felt that my larger income warranted this extravagance. Whenever I increased my expenditures I made it a rule to add an equal amount to my income. Thus I made up the added expense of new quarters by acting as the agent for a Boston theatre in the selection of intelligent "supers." I found no difficulty in getting students anxious enough to swell "the mob without" and willing to pay for the privilege.

JUST WHAT ONE YEAR AT HARVARD REALLY COSTS

I do not propose narrating every detail of my life during the four fruitful years I lived under the protection of Alma Mater. It is enough to tell that at the end of my Freshman year I was out of debt, and had made my way, an unaided stranger, with an initial capital of fifty cents and a determination to succeed in my endeavor to get an education. I have always been methodical. I believe in the kind of genius which takes pains in doing things. From my first day at Harvard I began to keep an itemized account of my expenditures and receipts. From my memorandum books I have copied the following figures, which, as campaign orators are fond of saying, are "interesting and instructive." These are my Freshman-year expenditures:

Tuition (in three installments of $50 each)	$150.00
Room (in Cambridge; 26 weeks at $2.50 the week)	65.00
Room (in Divinity Hall; 13 weeks at $3.00 the week)	39.00
Board (at the Foxcroft; 38 weeks at $2.50 the week)	95.00
Text-books	30.50
Fuel and light (one large oil lamp)	11.00
Clothes	35.00
Typewriter hire (32 weeks at 25c. the week)	8.00
Typewriter repairs	3.00
Incidentals (including stationery, stamps, etc.)	23.00
	$459.00

These items cover only necessary expenses. For the greater part of my first year I was barely able to make both ends meet. I did my washing and ironing and performed similar menial duties for myself which, though unpleasant, were obligatory. (Of course this was the crucial period in my college career, but it incited me to further effort rather than discouraged me.) My receipts for the first year offer a still more picturesque array of facts and figures, each item the frame of some incident burned in upon my memory as with a branding-iron. Here are my Freshman-year receipts:

Borrowed	$175.00
Window dressing	3.00
Pawned articles	32.50
Bowdoin prize	100.00
Boylston prize	45.00
Small loans	12.00
Typewriting	103.50
	$460.00

At the end of my first academic year I had worked my way to an honorable place in the University, and had one lonely dollar with which to start out on my vacation. That amount, however, was just twice as much as I had when I landed in Cambridge, and I was at least fifty cents "ahead of the game," plus a year's tuition and the honor of being a full-fledged collegian.

CLASS DAY TO A POOR STUDENT

On class day I "spread" modestly. My reception was a poor little effort, compared with the larger affairs of the societies, at the Pudding and the Hemenway Gymnasium, or the brilliant illumination of Beck, with its curtained inclosure and orchestra, but to these my friends had sent me cards, and from my own windows I could look out upon the fairest sight of all, the lantern-hung yard; and the sweetest music of the day, the farewell songs of the glee club, Lena Dear, and the Arion, were equally mine with all the world.

Having graduated, I faced the future with all my debts paid and a record of good scholarship, good behavior, and the good will of faculty and students alike. I returned home with $25 tucked away in my wallet—that money the grown-up child of my poor, little fifty-cent piece of four years before. My university training had cost me less than $2000. I make no boast of this fact, however, for others have gone through for less money, though none, I am sure, ever began a college career in Cambridge as I began mine, with no home resources, no cash in hand, indifferent mental training, and poor health. For my education at Harvard I spent less than many young men spend for pleasures during the same period.

By taking advantage of every opportunity offered to needy students—such helps as the Loan, Library and Furniture Associations; by hard work and earnest effort in securing some of the many cash prizes in which the corporation is especially generous; by keeping alert, cheerful, clear-headed and tactful, any determined young man can secure with economy and honor all the advantages of a university education.

The Automobile in the Public Service

By Waldon Fawcett

FOR no product of the closing years of the century is the future replete with greater possibilities than the automobile.

Considering the position occupied by the self-propelled vehicle as a recent topic of discussion during the past eighteen months, there has been a surprising oversight of its possible value to municipalities and the State. That this is being so speedily and effectually remedied just now is due to a sudden avalanche of practical demonstration. Seemingly almost simultaneously the more progressive officials of the National Government and a number of the larger cities have enlisted the services of the automobile, and the result, from the standpoint of accomplishments, has been as gratifying as surprising. Indeed, the achievements thus far placed to its credit entitle the horseless carriage to a place beside the locomotive, the telephone and the telegraph as a revolutionary factor in the evolution of the methods of administration of public business.

The automobile as an engine of war is likely to be first made an established fact by the war in South Africa. The type which the British authorities have selected as best suited for use as a gun platform ought to turn a Maxim machine gun of the ordinary type into a very effective weapon indeed. The automobile in question is capable of carrying the gun and a thousand rounds of ammunition at a speed of almost twenty miles an hour for more than a hundred miles without the necessity of a replenishment of the fuel supply.

In the United States the initiative in the employment of the automobile as a war agent was taken by Brigadier-General A. W. Greeley, Chief of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, who recently secured three electric wagons, the maximum speed of which is ten miles an hour. Two of the vehicles are designed to carry the instruments and paraphernalia of the corps, while the third is to provide transportation for officers of the corps detailed for experiments with military balloons or wireless telegraphy, as an adjunct to which the automobiles are to serve. The wagons are fitted with electric lights, and later a searchlight will be provided.

Appreciation of the benefits of the automobile is likely to come first to the great mass of the people in America as an adjunct to improved postal service. Already most favorable records have been made. In the city of Buffalo, recently, 150 pounds of mail were collected from thirty boxes, including eight package boxes, in exactly thirty-three minutes, the distance covered being slightly more than eight miles.

A kindred field of possible usefulness is found in the recently inaugurated rural free delivery, which has grown in three years from a total of forty-four to nearly four hundred routes, operated in forty States and Territories.

There are at present employed in the rural free delivery service almost four hundred carriers, and the aggregate length of their combined routes is something under nine thousand miles. It is apparent that the territory served could be doubled in area were the carriers provided with automobiles.

To farmers this would mean pecuniary benefit, for with late information from the markets promptly available there would arise countless instances when farm products could be disposed of to better advantage, and, also, there is to be considered the rise of value in farm lands which follows the improvement of highways as a natural sequence.

Already the French Government has ordered fifty heavy, high-powered wagons for mail carrying in the Soudan.

In the field of municipal administration the advent of the automobile has naturally been made first in the twin departments of police and fire. Ultimately there will hardly be any limit to its usefulness in both. The usefulness of the steam roller, which has come to be regarded as a virtual necessity, probably helped to pave the way for the automobile steam fire engine, which first made its appearance in Boston. Arrangements have been made by other cities to follow this with automobile hose wagons, and hook and ladder trucks.

It is a question, however, whether the motor vehicles which are now being constructed at a Western manufactory for the fire chiefs of several cities will not in the end prove most valuable of all. The automobiles destined for this work are, in all the essentials of strength and weight, racing machines, and they are built to maintain a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour over rough roads. Each is to be provided with two acetylene gas lamps and a powerful signal horn. The premise that these vehicles will prove of unusual value is based on the fact that it is frequently necessary for fire chiefs to cover distances at a speed to which a horse would prove unequal. The qualities which make the automobile advantageous for fire department work apply with equal force to police patrol work.

Unquestionably the kindliest mission of the automobile will be found in the ambulance service. It will insure prompt medical attendance while affording greater comfort for sufferers while en route to hospitals. In point of fact many physicians already use it.

That the automobile is to play a part in the important problem of the cleansing of our cities is proven by the action of a Western city in placing an order for several automobile garbage carts. In street-sweeping machines, too, there is room for further saving.

Nothing can be more certain than the total displacement of the omnibus by the autocar, and the close watch which electric railway officials everywhere are keeping on this newcomer in the transportation world demonstrates that they do not regard competition from that source as an impossibility. In various cities, notably Chicago and Cleveland, there have been projected systems of automobile service wherein the vehicles in service will each carry as many passengers as an ordinary street car and run with the same regularity. As yet, however, none of these projects has materialized.

In New York City shoppers have already had an opportunity to observe how the automobile expedites mercantile delivery, and it is therefore not difficult to give credence to the claims made for it as a successor to the bicycle in the delivery of telegrams and special letters. Even in the development of our new possessions the motor vehicle holds a future, for already a line to run regularly across Puerto Rico is projected. Finally, the vehicles are to be put to many unique uses, not the least of which will be their employment as a motive power on the Erie Canal, should the automobile now building at Hartford for this purpose prove a success. It is believed that it will prove powerful enough to haul a string of six canal boats.

The future of the automobile in public and private service depends much upon its cheapening, but with two hundred manufacturers of the vehicles in this country and two thousand in Europe it is altogether likely that the decrease in price will be far more rapid than in the case of the bicycle.

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

OPPORTUNITY

By JOHN J. INGALLS

MASTER of Human Destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late—
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return—no more!

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"
That are Making HISTORY

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GENERAL LORD ROBERTS

The Price of British Empire in India

After the defeats in South Africa many of the English newspapers, including the London Times, said it was the most serious setback since the mutiny in India. For centuries this revolt of a subjugated people will be a subject of history and romance. The war and the things that followed gave Rudyard Kipling his material and opportunity. It is an interesting fact about most great wars that the origin or the climax was trivial, and in the case of the Indian mutiny this was peculiarly the case. No historian has ever yet been able to find adequate cause. Of course there were the national antagonisms between the races, but that did not count for everything. Disaffection existed, and in the crisis there was a rumor that the cartridges which had been served out to the native soldiers were greased with the fat of animals unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan. The slaughter began. On Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1857, the Sepoys broke in open mutiny, and then for two years the war went on, with the loss of thousands of lives.

When the Boers Whipped the British on Majuba Hill

We never know how much history we have forgotten until some disturbance brings out the details bearing upon great events. In thousands of journals and newspapers it has been asserted over and over again in the past several years that the idea of a South African Empire, holding somewhat the same relations as Canada to Great Britain, was originated, suggested and formulated by Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain. As a matter of fact, the credit belongs to Lord Carnarvon, who, after seeing the effects of the confederation act in Canada, suggested that all the European settlements of South Africa be united under similar confederate government. The scheme was adopted, and the British agents in South Africa simply went ahead to annex things in their own peculiar way. It was not until April, 1877, that the Transvaal was nominally added to the British Throne. In order to make the annexations more valid, excuses were found and wars were started to sustain them. The cost was a great many millions of dollars and a number of good English lives. The natives were mowed down, and the whole desperate business made sad chapters in African history. The Boers, who had fled to escape British aggression, at last made their stand. The open troubles began in 1880.

In December, 1880, the South African Republic was proclaimed, with Kruger as President, Joubert Commandant-General, Jorissen Attorney-General, and Bok acting State Secretary. Pretorius joined Kruger and Joubert in the direction of affairs. The English lost heavily during the war. It astonished them beyond measure that they were defeated by such small numbers of the Boers. They made a final stand on the Majuba Mountain, which commanded the Boers' position, but this did not dismay the hardy Dutch, who on February 27, 1881, carried the place by storm, killed 83, including the British Commander, Sir George Pomeroy Colley, and disabled and captured 183. Sir Frederick Roberts—the present Roberts in command—was appointed Commander-in-General, and 15,000 troops were sent to South Africa from all parts of the British Empire. But before they arrived an armistice had been arranged and gradually peace was reached.

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GENERAL LORD METHUEN

It is a fact in history, however, that after the conclusion of the preliminary settlement, while the Boers departed to their farms, the British not only did not decrease their forces, but made open preparations for the renewal of the war. In that contest Europe, outside of Great Britain, was practically one in sympathy with the Boers, and leading men in the Continental countries signed petitions pleading that the Transvaal be recognized as an independent State. With the effect of the defeats and the insistence of the sentiment of the world, Great Britain gave in. No one has ever said a word against the bravery of the Boers in that wonderful fight on Majuba Hill, and it is one of the distinct defeats that befell the English in all their long experiences in war.

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GENERAL LORD KITCHENER

The British Reverses in the South African War

Often the sayings of a General become more familiar to the great public than the details of his victories or his defeats. For instance, it has been printed all over the world that Sir Redvers Buller had vauntingly proclaimed before leaving England that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic. It distinctly lowered him in the estimation of those who liked to think of him as a great fighter, and it hurt him personally. But since it has gone its rounds there has come a letter with his signature in which he said: "I was never foolish enough to make any such statement as has been attributed to me. There is an old saying which has sound sense in it: 'Never prophesy unless you know.'" More foolish were the speculators of the London Stock Exchange who, on the declaration of war, sent a message to President Kruger saying, "May the Lord make you thankful for what you are about to receive," and who two months later saw their fortunes toppling like buildings in a cyclone, and themselves shaking and shivering in the midst of ruin.

There were two sides from the English standpoint. One was the every-day, joyous feeling that the war would be simply a picnic march to the stronghold of the Boers. The other was—and this was that of those best informed and conservative—that the South Africans had built up, and were building up, a strong military establishment, with splendid modern equipments, with expert officers from Continental countries, and with all the resources for a modern conflict with a powerful nation. The events since October 10 have more than corroborated this suspicion.

It may be several months before we shall know exactly the official figures of the various battles that were fought, but we do know that the three divisions of the English fighting forces were each defeated in turn; that ending with the year more than 900 English troops were killed, nearly 4000 were wounded, and between 2000 and 3000 were missing: altogether a casualty list in the neighborhood of 7000. Adding those incapacitated by illness this total now exceeds 10,000. When the smaller Generals, such as White and Gatacre and Methuen, were driven back, Great Britain, with that admirable confidence in her men which she has always shown, waited with perfect patience for Commanding-General Buller to force a magnificent victory and thus retrieve the disgrace. Instead of that, he met the Boers with disastrous results, with a loss of over 1000 men and of a dozen guns, and with a shock to British pride that was felt throughout the world.

Britain's Position as a Great Power at Stake

Immediately the true size of the war was appreciated. The London Times, which is never given to sensation and always speaks conservatively for England, declared: "We are fighting not merely for supremacy in South Africa, but our position as a great Power. We know we have miscalculated the strength of our foe, and we are resolved not to make future miscalculations." The English Government called out the available troops of the Empire. People, while they differed as to the justice or the reason of the war, agreed that their flag must be upheld, and on top of all the War Office appointed Baron Roberts Commander-in-Chief, with Lord Kitchener as Chief-of-Staff. These two are the greatest fighters in the English Army—Roberts, who did wonders in India, and Kitchener, who did marvels in Africa, both men of infinite courage and infinite persistence, knowing nothing save duty, and never wearying until victory is won. At once the spirits of the British nation arose, and to-day the English are confident that when the new commanders and the new troops begin their campaign the triumph of British arms will not be long postponed.

But the Boers are not dismayed. In a letter written since the war began their commander, General Joubert, said: "Up to the present time our enemies have fought bravely; but when they begin to suffer the privatious of war, demoralization will come upon them, and they will weaken. We are convinced of our own ultimate triumph and of God's aid in this war, as in our preceding wars with the same foes. The blood that must be shed in this struggle, which will last probably more than a year, will not be upon the heads of our children. We fight for our creed and country."

Some Famous Setbacks to English Arms

Many interesting parallels have been drawn between the American Revolution and the present contest of the South African Republic. Whether or not the merits of the case are similar must of course be left to future historians, for not even the best of men is competent to judge at short range as to absolutely where the right and wrong belong. History needs plenty of distance.

Possibly there are more contrasts than parallels in these two wars. Great Britain has sent, and is sending, to South Africa more troops than she sent to America during the seven years of the conflict, for in that time the number of British troops and hirelings who crossed the Atlantic was only about 112,000 soldiers and 22,000 seamen. The United States had forces during the same period of 232,000 Continental soldiers and 56,000 militiamen.

Many of us have forgotten that the war against the American Colonies was so unpopular that King George could not raise enough troops in his own country, and had to hire men from the Continent. The present war was at first unpopular with the people of Great Britain, but there has been no lack of readiness on their part to supply men and munitions, although it has been necessary to call heavily upon the colonies for assistance. The history of the Revolution is pretty familiar to all. We whipped the English at the North and in the Middle States, and finally in the South. After the brilliant feats by American armies the climax came in the surrender of Cornwallis. Cornwallis surrendered 7247 men, 75 brass cannon, and 69 iron guns, while several vessels with 900 men and officers were surrendered to the French fleet. Already in the few months' fight in Africa the Boers have killed, captured and disabled almost as many men as the entire forces surrendered to the Americans on October 19, 1781, which sealed our independence.

In some respects there is a better parallel in the War of 1812. Great Britain sent three armies under three Generals to the different sections of the country, and they were defeated even more disastrously than the first armies in South Africa. The most famous of the battles took place actually after the treaty of peace was signed. It was at New Orleans. Twelve thousand picked British troops were defeated by 5000 Americans, the British losing 2000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the American loss was only a few men. In that case General Andrew Jackson and his sturdy troops found even greater safety behind cotton bales than the Boers are finding in their mountain fastnesses. This war on the part of the United States was in some respects the most remarkable of the century because it began with a bankrupt treasury and an army of only 10,000 men.

One of the Great Tragedies of the Century

Since the American Revolution England has not been fighting all the time, but she has been in trouble most of the time. Her brilliant victories in the Napoleonic wars make stupendous reading. To all parts of the world have her soldiers gone, and she has contributed marvelous chapters to civilization; yet her finest experiences have not been without their tragedies, although in the end, except in three or four instances, she has known some of the greatest victories in the records of the world.

In the beginning of the forties there was trouble in Afghanistan. "Disaster after disaster occurred, not without misconduct," says one of the most serious of English authorities. The English Army at that time comprised between 15,000 and 20,000 men, of whom many were English soldiers and officers, and the attempt was made in 1841 to force the Khaibar Pass. It was not a success. Then began the retreat. It was in the high altitudes, and the winter was one of the severest ever known. The troops were entirely demoralized, and the march back—or to give it another name, the retreat—was marked by the greatest confusion, and by the most indescribable suffering. Of all this great number, one wounded and half-dead man, Doctor Brydone, reached Jelalabad, and afterward 95 prisoners were recovered. The terrible loss of life was one of the worst disasters in the history of armies. The fact that the Khaibar Pass was afterward forced and England won the day showed the resolution of a nation which, although it may be badly beaten, seldom admits defeat.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

PHOTO BY JOHNSTONE, HARTFORD, CONN.

ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS

The Old Lady Who Could Not be Fooled

Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney-General Griggs, and one of the latest versifiers of the Rubáiyát, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain-climbing, forest-searching and geologizing.

Last summer while rusticating at Lake George she went walking with a party of friends, chiefly college men and women, and came across some of the beautiful minerals which abound in that district. They picked out a number of specimens which they carried back to the hotel. Here they exhibited their treasure-trove to the other guests, more especially a piece of rose quartz in which were many flakes of plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, giving the quartz to a benevolent-looking, spectacled old lady. She had scarcely departed when the latter, who had been scratching the specimen with her scissors, broke out:

"That girl is either fooling us or else she is crazy. Plumbago, indeed! It is nothing but an old stone with some black pencil lead in it."

Poverty's Day Dreams

Richard Whiteing, whose remarkable studies of life in the East End of London have made so marked an impression upon the reading public, gained his knowledge of the subject by living among the workers as one of them. Many of his experiences among the submerged tenth are even more interesting than those he has told in print.

Once while talking with a grizzled old woman, who lived in the same tenement, he referred to the Queen.

"Oh, 'ow I would like to be the Queen!" said the ancient beldame.

"Why?" asked Mr. Whiteing.

"It isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were Queen I would 'ave a donkey-cart with red wheels; and it isn't because of her band of musicians on horseback which goes ahead of the 'orse-guards, for I'd much rather 'ave a Hitalian with a 'and organ; but just think, if she wakes up at three o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right [illegible]."

A factory girl visited a collection of antique sculptures, and on her return Mr. Whiteing asked her:

"How did you like the statues?"

"None too much at first, sir, because nearly all of them were shamelessly dressed. That made me mad, until I thought that they wuz awfully poor in them days and didn't 'ave money to buy clothes with. Then do you know I felt real bad because there wasn't a single lidy in the whole bloomin' lot of them what 'ad a bonnet to her name."

The Inventor of Rookwood Pottery

Probably few of the people who meet the wife of our new Minister to Spain know that she is one of the first notable potters of the United States. Mrs. Bellamy Storer in her youth was a china painter and porcelain artist of great ability, although she pursued the art as a pastime and gave most of her finest pieces away to church fairs, exhibits, museums and art collections.

She was the head and front of the movement of women china painters in Cincinnati and the West, and helped to organize the first clubs, which have since become factors in forwarding the art. Mrs. Storer next established a kiln, and, with the aid of the best china painters whom she could interest, began experimenting with pottery, colorings and designs.

The result was the Rookwood pottery—named for the town of Rookwood in which the work was begun—which has become world renowned, and which, on its first appearance in Europe, was credited to China, France, Germany, and even Spain. Many consider the Rookwood coloring one of the greatest discoveries in porcelain painting.

A Sincere Compliment from a Native

A prominent figure in Cleveland society is Miss Gabrielle Townsend Stewart. Besides being a belle of many accomplishments, she is a bright writer, and a famous amateur authority upon musical and dramatic subjects. She inherits her talents from her father, N. Coe Stewart, the director of music in the Cleveland public schools, and from her mother, President of the National Homemakers' Association and ex-President of the Cleveland Sorosis. She is a cousin of Edward W. Townsend, the novelist, whose newspaper and literary work has been one of her favorite studies. Many of his Chimmie Fadden sketches she recited with great success at social receptions in London when she was a delegate to the World's Council of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Few of those who heard her knew of the careful preparation she had made to master the curious dialect employed in the work. This included a trip to Chinatown, in the Bowery district, where she passed several interesting hours. In this picturesque neighborhood she met many personages who had been used as models by Mr. Townsend in the creation of his characters. Among them was one whose roughness and toughness made his quick wit and innate courtesy all the more noteworthy. During their conversation he referred contemptuously to several criminals—"fly crooks," he called them—who had moved within a short time into the neighborhood. They were good for nothing, he declared, but for sneak-thieving and robbing children.

Miss Stewart asked: "Do you think it safe to wear jewelry in the streets down here?"

He looked at her beautiful face a moment and then answered: "It's all right as long as I am wid you, and I guess it's all right anyhow; but if you want to be dead right, it's not the jewelry you want to lock up in the safe, but your own pretty self."

How Saccharine was Discovered

Of the many great chemists of the world, none perhaps is better known than Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, who some years ago discovered that curious chemical product named saccharine. It is an extraordinary chemical, being so intensely sweet that a single grain is said to be equal to several hundred times its bulk of the best white sugar. To some friends he recently told the story of the discovery, which like many of the greatest inventions of the world was made while pursuing other ends.

"I was conducting a series of researches in synthetic chemistry," he said, "and had in view the creation of some new compound radicals. One day I had produced a new substance and was separating it from other ingredients. I was

GABRIELLE TOWNSEND STEWART

tired, and while moving a glass vessel containing hot fluid my hand slipped, so that several drops splashed upon my fingers. I put the glass down and seized the nearest thing to wipe off the liquid, which chanced to be my own handkerchief. A few minutes afterward I wiped my mouth with the handkerchief. Instantly my mouth began to water. I washed my lips with warm water, but it took two or three washings and probably five minutes before the taste of sweetness disappeared. I picked up the handkerchief automatically and my eye rested upon the wet spot. I put it to the tip of my tongue and the secret was out. I spent much time in determining the character of my find. When I saw that it was harmless I announced my discovery to the world."

[illegible]

MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Madame Sembrich's Photographs

The camera has found many devotees, but perhaps it has none more faithful than Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the celebrated cantatrice now touring this country in grand opera.

Professor Wilhelm Stengel, the singer's husband, treats his wife's love of photographs and photography quite as seriously as she does. He said recently to some musicians:

"Madame Sembrich has her dearest friends in almost all of their expressions and natural poses. She has Eleanora Duse depicted in more emotions than all of her audiences put together have ever seen her in, and she has equally fine impressions of Brahms, Rubenstein and Délibes."

Don't forget Verdi," spoke up his wife.

"As to Verdi," and the Professor's face took on a half-merry, half puzzled expression, "you know he sends my wife a copy of every new picture of himself he has taken [illegible] patronizes professional photographers and furnishes her with a copy soon after they are taken partly as a matter of self protection. His last picture was accompanied with many pleasant allusions to the United States."

Versatile Minister Delcassé

If versatility be an American trait, Théophile Delcassé, the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, ought to have been a native of the United States. He is not yet fifty, but has already attained distinction in many fields of intellectual effort. His first venture was in journalism and literature, where he made his mark. From the press he went into politics, and was elected a deputy in 1889. Here he made his influence so felt that he became Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1893, Colonial Minister in 1894, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1898. While in the last named position he settled the Fashoda affair with Great Britain. Last year he was a special commissioner, or envoy, to St. Petersburg, representing French investors who desired to utilize the financial opportunities presented by the Siberian and other Asiatic railways.

To M. Delcassé the Bourse ascribes the credit of having perceived the financial as well as the political and strategical value of these projected roads. Either through diplomatic channels or through a careful study of the Russian fiscal system, he realized that though Russia might start these roads, its treasury was too weak to finish them.

Henry George's First Friend

In the late seventies, Henry George, the single tax reformer, came East from California. He was desperately poor and had but few acquaintances.

Shortly after his arrival he lectured before the Saturday Ethical Club, of New York, where his brilliant oratory and shabby attire made so striking a contrast as to excite the sympathy of those present.

After he left, the club appointed a committee to aid him in getting up a public lecture. Among others, the committee included Seth Low, who was then engaged in business. He was in consultation at the time, and the committee were in a hurry, so he told them to send him a lot of tickets. They forwarded twenty to him the same day, and felt happy at having secured twenty dollars for the lecture fund. The next morning came a letter of thanks from Mr. Low, praising the lecturer's intellectuality and inclosing a check for $250. The affair was a success, netting about $300, so that President Low may be said to have been the first man to start Mr. George on his Eastern career.

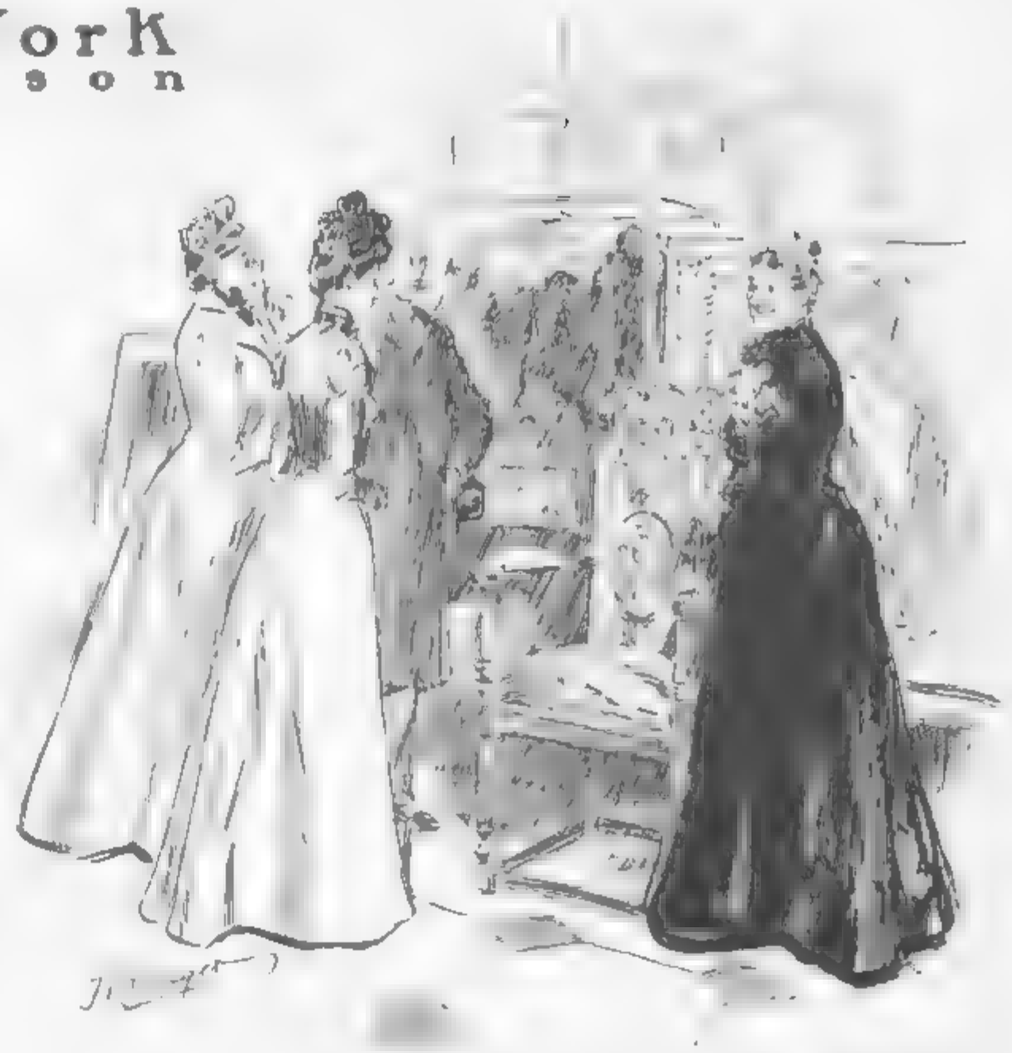
Twenty years later, in 1897, Mr. Low was the citizens' candidate and Mr. George the labor candidate for Mayor of New York. The latter made a vigorous campaign, and in all his speeches advised the citizens, if they could not vote for him, to vote for his friend, Seth Low, and on one occasion he said that if it had not been for the latter he would not be there as a candidate. Few understood his full meaning.

The "Great" Houses of New York

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

MODERN New Yorkers of the wealthy, leisure class, who would otherwise appear to have touched high water mark in the world's luxury of living, have not, however, quite attained the magnificent proportions of housekeeping in the hereditary homes of England. Our genial ambassador at the Court of St James told me in August that he had recently complimented an English Duchess upon the charming beauty of her several ancestral dwellings. "Ah!" said she, "but think of having to correspond with twelve housekeepers."

Before the vision of a single housekeeper the mistress of an American mansion is wont to pale. In our establishments such an intermediary between the domestic throne and its troublous subjects is generally a harassed being, embodying an endless repertory of tales of woe and laden down with petty complaints carried on from belowstairs to the court of final appeal. From the "independent" atmosphere she habitually breathes, the respect yielded to her in older countries is missing. What tourist does not recall some vision of her kind, leading the way through a grand ancestral home of Britain to point out the treasures, her form clad in black be-jetted silk, her hair neatly adjusted under a jaunty lace cap, her manner a happy mingling of condescension to low born intruders and resignation to their fees. At a country house in England or Scotland one is wont to catch glimpses of this functionary, perhaps at family prayers, acting as a sort of Mother to the Maids, marshaling her white-aproned phalanx in its demure entrance and exit from the scene. To be conducted by the lady of a castle to visit her housekeeper in her own especial quarters is a distinctly pleasant experience. The sitting-room where she holds sway over cupboards full of jam and pickles, cake, and other dainties for the table has been, for generations of the owner's family, set apart for its present uses. It is apt to be solid, clean, homelike, respectable and self-respecting in every part. Nothing there, in its quiet precincts, hints of the internecine warfare, the cabals against authority, the discontent and scandals that arise like noxious gases in the servants' halls of too many American great houses. The laws of service, of behavior, of etiquette, promulgated from that source, are rigorously observed by the employees, and any breach of them means a loss of place through the housekeeper's recommendation for dismissal.



—her form clad in black be-jetted silk, her hair neatly adjusted under a jaunty lace cap

THE VEXING PROBLEM OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

In his department, the English butler is equally charged with the responsibility for his satellites, the footmen. Between them, he and the housekeeper occupy positions of real dignity as the deputy representatives of their master and mistress—viceroy and vicereine of the sovereigns, looked up to and obeyed accordingly by their subordinates.

The result of this system, as may be surmised, is a tremendous labor-saving for the proprietors, and if the happy day ever comes to our solvent land when riches can command it the whole problem of our domestic life will be less complex. In that event one may safely venture to predict a more restful era in our homes—notably, there will be less European travel and more contentment with the routine of existence within our own shores. It is the everlasting, the unmanageable servant question here that swells the receipts of the ocean steamship companies and the pockets of foreign landlords. Said a lady of many millions in my hearing: "I should be thankful to give two of my servants the combined wages of my other twelve, on condition that they would do my work and let me have peace." To the natural suggestion that a housekeeper would obviate much of this trouble the answer was: "But they won't respect her; they must always appeal to *me*. They can't be brought to feel that the housekeeper is any more of an authority than they are themselves. In short, unless I stood at the helm in person we should quickly run upon the rocks. And I confess I am wearied to death with it, and so longing to get abroad, where I can forget all about servants till I come home again."

"The pink one, if you please"

Some imp of perverseness it must be that breathes into the ear of the servant class, producing a discord of ideas as soon as they land upon the soil of America. To begin with, their persistent use of the term "help," an Americanism belonging to the pioneer days of civilization, when a single jealously guarded treasure was cherished by the family in the hope of inducing her to be satisfied, not to *do* their general housework, but to *assist* the members of the family to do it, and to look leniently upon their shortcomings. Again, the cool and exasperating habit of alluding to previous employers by the familiar use of the family name without prefix of any kind! These trifles, detected repeatedly in the conversation of what are called "superior" servants here, mark the progress of their continual effort at self assertion.

THE DEMOCRACY DOWNSTAIRS

But such offenses are as nothing in moral weight beside those of lying, slandering, stealing and drinking, and worse, which the employer of many domestics, of both sexes and of divers nationalities, has, from time to time, to encounter in her household in New York. To discover such enormities in what its owners had fondly fancied to be a clean, God fearing, Christian home is like coming upon a pit' mouth in a meadow filled [illegible]. The experience strikes its victim [illegible] dismay, and robs their daily life of security and sweetness.

Given these existing difficulties, it will be seen that the organization and maintenance of a great fashionable establishment here is an undertaking so serious that even dollars play a minor part in its equipment. The householder's first care is to find servants. In order to fill the many niches vacant, she must resign herself to a series of experiments, rasping while in operation, often humiliating in result. During their continuance she can be neither blind nor deaf to their existence. The troubles downstairs can no more help arising to her ears than the smoke of the kitchen fire can avoid escaping up the chimney. Another and continual source of discord in the basement democracy, where kitchenmaid and scullion consider themselves entitled to claim all the rights of the upper servants, is that necessary mixture of nationalities. The English, having been long accounted the most desirable domestics, are now looked upon with less favor, the general agreement of employers being that not only the best of them, but the second best, stay in their own country. Swedes have had great vogue with us, but their day seems to be passing. Now, in the intelligence offices, it is a Tower of Babel combination, from which the employer must pick and choose. Swedes, Finns, Danes, and the Dutch and German element array themselves heroically in our kitchens against French, English, Italians, Armenians, Spanish-Americans, Chinese and Japanese. The following and friends of the several disputants appear in their rear, swelling the chorus. Amid the clamor that ensues, the voice of Erin, whose representatives were once supposed to be our bulwark of household service in New York, and were so derided in print that for a time they went completely out of fashion, is more seldom heard. Yet, as a fact, the respectable class of Irish domestics have been found to remain longer in one family, to be more honestly attached to the family interests, and to be more to be depended upon as friends of their employers, than those of any other nation we employ.

STAFF OF A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT

I have dwelt longer upon this vexed and vexing theme of service because it is the keystone of the arch of housekeeping, great or small. Once safely and substantially in place, it allows the structure superimposed to soar to the empyrean! Without it comes an inevitable crash!

To equip a large and fashionable house of the period there will be found necessary certainly the following domestic staff: a *chef*, or head-cook—who may be a woman—with two or more kitchen maids; a scullion, serving perhaps in the dual capacity of useful man; a pantry-maid, two chambermaids, a seamstress, a couple of laundresses, a linen-closet maid, a lady's-maid apiece for the female members of the family; then, in the wake of the butler, three footmen, who wear the livery of the house, wait at table, and do deportment in the hall during calling-hours. There are generally valets for the master and his sons, men for the furnace and sidewalk, a private watchman to patrol the neighborhood at night—and a coachman, groom and helpers swell the list, often enlarged beyond the limits indicated here according to individual fancy or necessity. For the children's department there is a head nurse, a nursery-maid apiece, and not infrequently a specially retained trained nurse whose business it is to keep strict watch over the bodily condition of her charges, summon a doctor at the first appearance of alarm, and lift from the mother's shoulders all that is possible of the burden of care in this respect. Add to these functionaries the daily governess, the masters, the nursery governess or kindergartner, my lady's secretary, and the private stenographer of the lord of the mansion. They must all be paid, fed, humored and induced to live harmoniously with one another and their employers. Verily, the crown of an Empire weighs not more heavily than the duty to their dependents upon Mr. and Mrs. Midas, of New York!

Most of the families known as dinner and ball givers of the first fashion have the matter of entertaining so reduced to a fine art that the mere question of food provision for their guests is as much a matter of course as the bacon and eggs for breakfast of an ordinary household. Possessing a *chef* whose credit depends upon the opportunity for periodical display, his employers have only to pick out the dates for their parties, make up their lists, and let the decree go forth in the household that the party is to be. The *chef*, after lending the full powers of his brain and experience to the composition of a series of menus, presents them to his mistress for her nominal approval.

MODERN EVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN

Evolution has long since carried us out of the artless stage in which Thackeray's Mrs. Timmins made blushing choice between two bills-of-fare offered by the French cook sent in for her famous "little dinner": "The pink one, if you please." Mrs. Midas, of New York, is perfectly *au fait* of the mysteries of French terms in cookery. Her *chef* knows he is to have all that flies in the air or swims in the water that ordinary people cannot afford. He must supply dainties out of season and present them in inviting shape. He understands, above all, that his dinner must not be overlong or overdecorated, and that it must include some plain and wholesome dishes for the abstemious gourmet of the period whose fad it is to return to elemental principles in food. If a ball is in question, the supper must of necessity reveal bouillon, *chaud froids*, canvasbacks, terrapin, ices and fruits to be served at little tables and in courses as carefully as would be a state luncheon or dinner. Vanished is the old-time buffet supper where male guests joined with football impetuosity in pursuit of sustenance for expectant ladies. In private houses of distinction and fashion the refreshments are served by the footmen belonging to the establishment, recruited by skilled waiters engaged from outside. Hurry there is none; and when one group at a table has satisfied its appetite the participants withdraw in favor of successors from the dancing room. In the matter of wines it is of course the [illegible]

the most formal dinners. Sensible people of adult age very soon find out that, principles of temperance apart, they cannot recklessly indulge night after night in a variety of alcoholic stimulants and continue to keep a clear head and a sound digestion for their lifework during the day. Certain it is that the spectacle of a man unduly excited by liquor is a very uncommon one in what is called ultra-fashionable society in New York. And for this relief much thanks!

Many houses where the owners do not feel justified in paying a *chef* much more than their own university bred and highly specialized sons receive per annum in business offices downtown for their intellectual services—for many years, perhaps, after entering upon a career requiring education—hire such a functionary for the occasion of a dinner or a ball. There are also women cooks of renown who make a practice of going from one house to another, serving the banquet of the evening, producing symphonies in soup and problems in pastry that crown with laurels the brows of the entertainers. Together with this important motor of the feast, it is possible for would-be hosts to hire additionally a large circular table-top to be fitted upon their own smaller mahogany; china, silver, chairs warranted to squeeze into the smallest given amount of space, a family butler of irreproachable exterior who will look as though he had been born and bred in attendance upon it; footmen in livery as nimble as they are snug, awning and carpet for the steps outside; all coming and disappearing with cheerful celerity for a not unreasonable sum

PLANNING A WINTER'S SOCIAL CAMPAIGN

If modern ingenuity would furthermore contrive to relieve the hostess by supplying good looking youths and talkative spinsters to fill the places of guests who at the last moment send regrets, there would be little left to ask! Of all the petty cares of social life, that of bringing the right people together, of getting the guests one really desires to have into one assemblage, is the most formidable. In order to secure this desired result, Mrs. Midas goes to work in a grand sort of fashion and dictates to her secretary invitations to dinner a month ahead. By the end of December people know pretty well where they will dine during all of January; and so on throughout the season. If the natural and inevitable interruptions of death, mourning or calamity in fortune occur, the invited ones drop out and are lost to sight until the turn of the wheel brings them up again before public notice. It is to be feared that the dinner giver whose plans are thus rudely jostled by adverse circumstances sometimes considers herself the person most aggrieved! Dear old Dr. Wendell Holmes said somewhere in an essay upon modern wealth: "One would like to give a party now and then if one could be a billionaire. 'Guiseppe, we are to have a party a week from to-night—five hundred invitations; there is the list.' The day comes. 'Madam, do you remember you have your party to-night?' 'Why, so I have. Everything right? Supper and all?' 'All as it should be, madam.' 'Send Victorine to me.' 'Victorine, full toilet for this evening, pink, diamonds and pearls, coiffure at seven. Allez!

—"full toilet for this evening, pink, diamonds and pearls, coiffure at seven. Allez!"

Alas! Billions have we among us, but not yet has the gentle Autocrat's ideal been realized. Behind the outer show of the dazzling entertainments extolled by the newspapers lurks inevitable stress and struggle. To bring about the vision of "pink and diamonds" alone has required weary hours of waiting on dressmakers, much loss of temper, many disappointments. Everything else is in proportion. The toil for pleasure is daily exemplified in Mrs Midas' set. At the end of the season it will tell in the strained nerves, exhausted bodies, wan faces of its devotees. Then shall we hear of the owners of these famous establishments "some flying East, some flying West, some flying over the cuckoo's nest"—anywhere so they may leave behind for a space the sumptuous dwelling with its warring factions, its tremendous tax upon time and money and patience, its small returns for vast expenditure! After a brief period of "rest" in travel and hotels, they will return to take possession of other great establishments in luxurious summer colonies where the old tale will all have to be retold. Poor Mrs. Midas! One's heart bleeds for her sorrows!

THE PASSING OF OLD-FASHIONED HOSPITALITY

In spite of the exuberance of entertaining among the fashionable folk which, in their own set, keeps the ball in motion the whole year round, there are few houses to be counted upon in New York for large and gracious—one might say hereditary—hospitality. The only approach to a general reception of friends in most of them is likely to be an *omnium gatherum* given once in a year or two, when the stings of conscience about old acquaintances and a neglected visiting-list become intolerable. The consequence may be imagined. The dullness of these wholesale gatherings together of assorted generations is appalling. People who have been married, divorced, widowed, forgotten and dug up *ad interim* rub elbows in a jam that makes them think only of happy escape from the scene. When they are so thoroughly uncomfortable that it can go no further, the guests wedge themselves into doorways and corners and gossip about their hosts. No one dreams of being grateful for an invitation to what is called in London "a general squash." Every one asks inwardly, "Why am I here?" And if the truth were fully revealed, the hostess and her family are longing for the moment when their dear friends will retire again into a long abstention from general social reunion.

And still by such functions the great house continues to declare itself periodically to the world. For the rest of the time it is open only for small parties, dinners of from fourteen to forty, cotillons, "small dances," musicales and a ball or two, from which detrimentals are conspicuously absent

THE HOME PIANO

By CHARLES M. SKINNER

THERE are more pianos in America, in proportion to the population, than in any other land; and in no country are the poor things more cruelly tortured. It might almost be said that piano-playing has become our national vice, and that it has formed, in that respect, but an indifferent substitute for the chewing of tobacco. Yet it is not the playing that causes so many to suffer, but the tweaking and pounding and ignorant misuse of an instrument that was made for comfort and joy.

When the day's work is over, and before the lamps are brought in, while one lounges in slippers and house-jacket in the easy-chair watching the fall of night through the windows, then blessing on the daughter of the house who goes quietly to the piano, puts her foot on the soft pedal and turns the hour to poetry by playing a Chopin nocturne, a pensive bit of Schumann, or a *nuit blanche* of Heller. Sweet, with a touch of sadness, such music composes the mind while it stimulates imagination, the home grows cozier and dearer, and the night comes more soothingly. But woe to that house—and it is not always a boarding house, either—where the confident one with a hard brain, a thick ear and a strong arm slams open the piano cover, glares, squares off, and falls to beating the keys, filling the unhappy instrument with shrieks and the place with trouble. And it may be stated as a rule that the more worthless the music, the more insistent and sonorous will the performance be, and that the less of an artist the performer, the longer he will perform.

We are the most patient people in the world, or we would not endure this treatment of ourselves, to say nothing of our pianos, with the despairing resignation to which we yield when the saleslady from the second floor front, or the bookkeeper from the third floor back, and sometimes both, descend to the parlor, open the doors and windows, and give what rural papers call, with unconscious truth, a rendition of The Tra-la-loo Polka, or Hullo, Mah Rag-Time Gal, or the march from The Blind Cow. It seems as though they had four fists apiece, and were using their chins and feet besides. And if some insatiable and misguided person then wants vocal music, there will presently be a husky and uncertain performance of Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and a shrieking of Mother's Bangs Will Soon Fit Lizzie, and woe will brood upon the precincts.

Now, these innocent people do not realize the amount of pain they cause, and once in a while they do not cause any, for they play to an audience as untaught as themselves. It is otherwise, however, in many of the homes of the land where rudiments of taste exist and where there is an honest ambition to know and to excel. We should be amazed at the effrontery of a man or woman who, on being asked to recite for a company—supposing such an extraordinary request possible—should seriously declaim Mary Had a Little Lamb, or Little Jack Horner; yet the music that is played on thousands of pianos, before writhing and helpless companies, is precisely of the grade in music that Mother Goose represents in literature. It is well enough for children, well enough for gutter bands that devastate in low quarters of the town, but unworthy of people who have books and have been to school.

The wretched stuff that is played in so many households and by so many theatre orchestras is written by people of meagre musical education and no inspiration; written mechanically, to supply a presumptive need, and fostered by certain cheap teachers who tell their pupils how to move their fingers, but make no appeal to the eye or brain. The folly of supposing that new music is more desirable than the old is widespread, also, and this search for novelty is responsible for acres of rubbish—the latest coon song, the latest song about Moth-a-a-ar, the latest march, the latest waltz. They are usually abominable, and to be avoided.

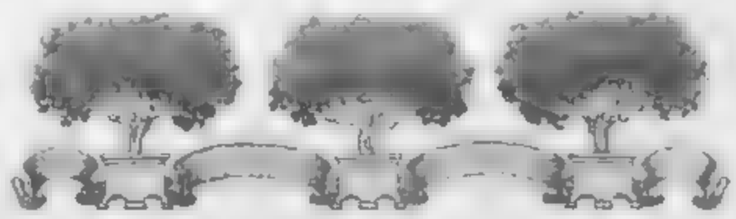
For there is more good music than any one player can learn, more than will ever be played by any one person, and parents of musically minded sons and daughters whom they allow to appear before company as performers may properly require as a part of their training, not merely an instruction in technic, but a cultivation of love for real music. This is perhaps most easily and enjoyably acquired by attending orchestral concerts. No silly Daisy Schottische, Silver Spray Fantasia, or other nonsense is tolerable for a moment. It is destructive of taste and artistic feeling. If the best music is often heard by the pupil he will no longer wish to play the worst.

It is objected, sometimes, that "classical" music is too difficult. "Classical" is a word commonly applied by those ignorant of its real meaning to things they do not like, and they are as apt to fit it to a trashy variation on an air from Trovatore, full of vain and exhibitive scales, trills and arpeggi, as to a Beethoven sonata. To their subsequent surprise they learn, now and again, that the "piece" which they have applauded was by Mozart, Haydn, Handel, or some other master, and was undeniably classical. Of course, as a matter of fact, goodness and difficulty have no necessary connection. There are slambang and firework inventions of yesterday that are—thank fortune!—so hard that not one amateur in a thousand undertakes them, and there are—again, thank fortune!—a thousand dances, songs, nocturnes, reveries, marches, adagios and parts of symphonies and sonatas by the masters that are technically as simple as the ballad composed last week by Lazaras McFadden, of the vaudeville, who writes all his own songs, or the Skippity Hop Lancers, by Professor Brownsmith, just out. Music written for display is always bad, and music that is inexpressive is never good. Good music may tire the unaccustomed, but trashy music disgusts the intelligent. Some good music will please the ignorant, but trash can never much please anybody.

What should one play when one has only a limited command of the piano? Why, the simpler things of the masters—parts of a work, when one cannot play the whole. There are a hundred light and pretty bits in Mozart, for instance; there are Schumann's Kinderscenen, and his Cradle Song and Vision in the Album Leaves; in Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, numbers 2, 4, 9, 16, 22, 27, 28, 44, and 48 are within range of amateurs, and so is the nocturne from his Midsummer Night's Dream. To name, somewhat at hazard, examples of good music that are not very difficult, one may mention the overtures to Faust, Oberon, Euryanthe, Freischutz and Masaniello; Rubinstein's Melodie in F; the opening adagio in Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; Heller's Tarantelle, Trois Melodies, Promenades d'un Solitaire, Questions, and Romance in F; the march from Gluck's Alceste, and passages from his Orpheus; Schubert's Momens Musicaux, especially the second, third fifth and sixth, and his second Impromptu; Chopin's third étude, or most of it, and his sixth, eleventh, twelfth and fifteenth nocturnes; Saint Saens' Danse Macabre, Martini's Gavotte, Vogt's Nachtgesang, Haydn's Serenade, Handel's Largo; the waltz, Elfentanz and Albumblatt, in Grieg's Lyrische Stuckchen, the Jungling, Brautleid, Holje Dale's Halling, Sæbygga and Kubreigen in his Nordische Tanze, and Ase's Death and Anitra's dance in his first Peer Gynt suite; several of Bach's sarabands, gigues, gavottes, minuets, and the capital bourree from his third violoncello suite.

The operas are good things to have, likewise. Shall the player not be allowed to refresh himself with music that has been transposed from the voice to the piano? May he not play Elsa's Dream as well as the Lohengrin March, the love duets in Faust as well as the soldiers' chorus? The Oriental dances in Aida, Senta's song in the Flying Dutchman, and the *abendsegen* of Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel are worthy of attention. Even some songs bear instrumental repetition, such as Schubert's Serenade and Erl King, Spohr's Rose, Thou So Lovely, Falk's Fir Tree and Palm, Pinsuti's Good Night, Barnby's Sweet and Low, and Sullivan's Lost Chord.

Wagner demands the orchestra, yet there are towns that have no orchestra, and the pianist who can play the Siegfried Idyl and Dreams tenderly and with expression may be allowed to discourse the solemn and tremendous Siegfried's Death, if he will leave out the little turns in the high treble, near the close, which have such a tinkling and trifling effect on the piano. In fact, the good music suitable for home playing is so abundant that there is no excuse for persisting in the cheaper sort.



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Preparation Necessary for Self-Government

IN THE working of institutions which are the product of the race-experience and innate character of the people using them, their dependence upon the habits of the people themselves for their successful operation is not usually perceived. But when the attempt is made to communicate such institutions to other peoples this dependence is at once felt, and the fact presents unexpected difficulties. Troubles of this sort are being experienced in Porto Rico. It has been found that such a fundamental requirement as the habit of submitting to the decision of the majority is lacking. In municipal elections and in the action of municipal boards, the minority which is voted down almost invariably refuses to participate further in the business of government.

Commenting upon this, Secretary Root, of the War Department, in his recent annual report pointed out that there is no way in which such an obstacle to the extension of self-government can be summarily removed, because, as he wisely remarks, "it is a matter not of intellectual apprehension, but of character and of acquired habits of thought and feeling." This brings out a principle which it is necessary to observe in our efforts to benefit our new dependencies, namely, that institutions cannot be made to order.

This principle rests upon the psychologic law that race development is the outcome of special modification of the nervous system through the experience of successive generations, storing its results in the fibre of character until they produce distinctive tendencies. The history of our own race shows how gradual was the development of our political habits and how recent are the institutions which embody them. Although possessing a hereditary drill in self-government through our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and although subjected to a long period of political tutelage as colonists, the people of the United States did not enter at once upon the full measure of self government which they enjoy to-day. At first the suffrage was strictly limited. In the State election of 1789 in New York, when intense political excitement prevailed, only 12,300 votes were polled in a population of 324,270. The spread of the suffrage was gradual, as the result of political movements which brought the new electorate into relations with the existing order and trained it in political behavior. There has been only one instance in our history when full responsibilities of self government were imposed upon masses of people without previous training, and that was in the case of the emancipated slaves.

While self-government is the aim of our policy, it should not be forgotten that "too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

—HENRY JONES FORD

When the politician begins to explain how the other party won, Truth puts on mourning

The Gift of the Loveless Hand

PUBLIC provision for the poor out of taxes is so usual with English-speaking communities that it must surprise many persons to find that this custom is almost confined to them, and that it dates back no further than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In most countries the poor are left to the charity of religious bodies and to the humanity of individuals. And they ought to be so left everywhere. The State exists to secure to every one his rights, and when it undertakes to secure its people against the results of their own improvidence, or even against unavoidable causes of indigence, it steps out of its sphere. It admits in fact the existence of that kind of responsibility which the Socialist tries to establish along the whole line of social existence. When Louise Michel visited England she told the English that as a Socialist she especially admired their workhouses, for in having them they admitted all the premises of Socialism.

The best interests of the poor require the abolition of public assistance in all its forms. It is always a delicate matter to make a gift to any one so as not to hurt self respect and thus injure character. It is easiest to do this with those who are closest and dearest to us, as it is the symbol of our practical identity of interest with them. It is also possible with those in whom we feel a sincere neighborly interest and whom we adopt as our own by the very act of giving. A gift in a loveless hand is twice cursed—it curses him who gives and him who takes.

And such gifts are the State's provision for the poor. The State [illegible] having any of its people die [illegible] from it are conscious of the want of [illegible] the gift a fitting thing, and they feel the humiliation of receiving it. They are hurt in that self-esteem which is the most potent motive to betterment in character as well as in condition. Thus they sink from poverty to pauperism, from unwilling to willing dependence upon others for their subsistence. The English workhouse, which is a place in which nobody works or can work, has been a fruitful cause of degradation to the poorer classes. It is shown to be such in the social stigma which attaches to the children's children of those who have been in "the house." In Ireland the poor in many instances have died of hunger and cold rather than bring such a disgrace upon their posterity.

The care of the poor belongs especially to the Christian churches of the land. At present they undertake little more than the provision for the poor of their own communion, and not always that in any generous measure. They once thought it their glory to care for all in need of their help, whether of the household of faith or outside it. Chalmers, in Glasgow, showed how a Christian congregation might provide for all the poor of a parish in the "wynds" (or slums) of the most diseased, drunken and impoverished city of the British Islands, and that out of the coppers given by the poor themselves. The Church can give with brotherly love, and therefore without either publicity or any other element of degradation. It can give with discrimination, applying the rule that he who will not work shall not eat. It can give without implicating society in any dangerous concessions as to responsibility.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

The active congregation makes the useful church.

Americans in the Tropics

WHATEVER may be the final political results of our recent war with Spain and our fighting in the Philippines, we shall have proved to the world that American physique and spirit in trying circumstances are unequaled. The island of Luzon is quite as hot and damp as any tropical country into which a large body of white troops ever ventured, yet the official reports, and even the most sensational news-letters of disgruntled correspondents, show that there is not so much sickness among our soldiers in the Philippines as there was in portions of the Union Army at certain periods of the Civil War. Apparently the trenches and swamps and torrential rains of the Philippines are less fatal to men from the temperate zone than were those of Cuba last year. This year, in Cuba itself, our Army's proportion of sickness and death is lower than that of some American cities. It has *not* been proved, as yet, that white men cannot live and enjoy good health in any portion of the torrid zone, for the great majority of civilians who venture into such countries are not of the class that is health-respecting and given to self control.

Soldiers do not profess to be missionaries or philanthropists; some of them are not even moral exemplars, though the average of goodness in the Army is quite equal to that of any large community. In Cuba and Porto Rico our troops are now on amicable terms with the natives. American soldiers, like Americans in general, are sociable, communicative, generous, kind, and not overbearing, and therefore they present an entirely new type of white man to races that have known only the Spaniards. In a single year they have reduced almost to extinction the two great scourges—smallpox and yellow fever—that have had free course in Cuba for centuries. Instead of taxing the people into destitution and apathy, they are helping them to improve their condition and to become forehanded and self-reliant. In Cuba, and even in the Philippines, the Army has begun to teach the masses to use soap—one of the most powerful agents of civilization; no community that uses soap freely is ever infected with the insurrectionary fever.

Self-government is said to be the dream of the Cubans and Filipinos, but so mighty a power cannot be acquired by dreaming. Something about it must be learned from men who understand it. The Spaniards were entirely ignorant of it, but any American soldier knows and will say that his own native State is entirely free and self governing, that within its borders insurrections are not necessary nor do they occur.

In the ways indicated and in many others our soldiers of all ranks and grades are doing good service in the lands from which they expelled the Spaniards. Avoiding cruelty, malice, oppression, duplicity and extortion, while exerting control through force, they are undermining the influence of many native leaders, all of whom learned all they know in the very bad political school of Spain. No American military or civil officer is filling his pockets from those of the natives; heretofore official honesty has been practically unknown in lands under Spanish rule.

The lessons we are teaching will not be lost; the longer they continue, the better will they be learned, and in the end their practical result will be a conquest more lasting than any made solely by fighting.

—JOHN HASSERTON

General Washington's body-servants are all dead, but the men who sent Dewey to the Philippines will last well through the coming century.

The Earning of the Firelight

THE luxurious know little of the value of luxury because they do not earn it. One who continually rests and enjoys, neither rests nor enjoys. Rest implies labor.

Now that the winter is upon us one homely luxury appeals to all, and that is fire. The high cost of fuel, the ash and dirt that are left not only in the fireplace but on the furniture, the narrowing of chimneys, the danger to crowded tenements from flame, the inability to heat more than a single room with a grate—these things have made the open fire a pleasant memory in many towns. In its place we have the furnace, belching gas and pouring dust through the house; the steam radiator clanking and banging, hissing and leaking, and parboiling the residents; hot water with its plumbing, fire-box and various complications; and electricity.

None of these ways of heating appeals in the slightest degree to sentiment. They add nothing to the home quality of a house or flat we live in. They are necessary in great office buildings, barracks, factories, theatres, schools, churches and jails. We notice their absence on a cold day, but never their presence. We cannot sit before the register and paint pictures in the vitiated air that gushes from it, nor does the family gather to tell stories or gossip in the winter twilight about the coil of pipes in the parlor. Charles Dudley Warner would never be moved to compose a second volume of Black Log Studies with his feet on a water pipe, nor would an electric heater supply Ik Marvel with new Reveries of a Bachelor. No, indeed! Half the pleasure in a fire is in the seeing of it. It is a gladness to the eye. It is a symbol of the comfort that we feel permeating with such sweet insidiousness to our bones and driving out our tempers and distempers. Given a room with an open fire and another with a register, both at the same temperature, and that with the open fire will seem the warmer.

Hence there is comfort in the discovery that architects and builders are allowing people to sit by open fires once more; that the grandfatherly andirons are coming out from their long retirement and twinkling again in their cheer of flame, that even in cramped quarters of city flats where that honest, useful, but arrant piece of ugliness, the cook stove, has been forced to the task of heating, as well as of baking and broiling, the toy parlor has a little black hole in the wall where a couple of lumps of black coal may often be seen in combustion. For a fire is an eye to the room. An apartment without it in January is like a landscape without water in July. It gives life, promise, cheer, and is an expression of hospitality. The fireplaces of our ancestors, those grand old caverns where one could roast an ox, and where people could sit by half dozens, looking up at the sparks as they wandered among the stars of a winter sky, are no more. It is as well, for our woods have been wasted too far to allow such conflagrations now-a-nights; but we get as comforting results from fires of a quarter of their size.

For sanitary reasons the open fire is the best of all. It gives a clear, dry heat; it ventilates a room; it does not exhale gas; it necessitates no moisture to rot floors, crumble plaster and nourish mould and mildew; it requires no plumbing; it never explodes and leaves you freezing, with gallons of water turning into ice on your carpet; it cannot be tapped by the families on the first and second floors, leaving you, a fifth-floor tenant, on the bitterest day of the year, with no way to thaw the morning's milk except by taking it into bed with you; and, best of all, it banishes the megrims. Welcome to our homes again, you living comfort, solace of weariness, creator of visions, incitement to mirth! Loves and friendships are welded to long endurance in your glow; eyes shine brighter for the merry dancing of your flames; home is home again with an open fire.

But truly to pleasure by our hearth, and to make the best gain from it, we must earn our firelight. Otherwise it is only half a satisfaction. The peevish home stayer, the idle and cold-blooded, the timid of winds and chills, do not know the blessing of a fire. This is kept for him who roughs it out-of-doors and wades to it, mayhap, through a foot of snow. We have been in the house too much. We acquire nerves, and are soft and thin of skin. Even war is welcomed as an excuse for taking some thousands of us into the sun and rain, and how greatly stronger we are for that little outing by proxy!

To battle against a northwest gale, to tramp the roads when it is gray, under skeleton trees and swirling clouds—that is to earn the firelight that summons us across the fields. Off with the heavy clothes, and off with the cares. Then you may enter the presence where the fire, true Lar of your household, emblem of the creating and sustaining sun, shines back from eyes that are always tender, and reveal, vaguely, in the shadow, faces that mean to you the best of life. No; no lamps for a time. Prose comes in with them. They declare, while the fire suggests. There is no hearth with a meaning except at home. You cannot buy or rent it, and even at home the light of it must be earned. Having so earned it, we behold it as a window through which may be discovered loves and virtues.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

At the English Court

They gave a big complimentary dinner to Sir Thomas Lipton the other evening at the Carlton, and during the conversation that followed, when the cigars were well alight, an American guest of Lord Charles Beresford got off a rather good illustration of the state of affairs at Ladysmith. What the situation there may be when these lines reach America one can only hazard a guess. But at the time of the dinner General Sir George White, at the head of his little army, was hemmed in at Ladysmith, and the Boers in a tightening coil were making matters extremely lively for the Britisher in Natal. Conversation naturally turned to the war, and the American ventured the opinion that White was holding up the Boer force as effectively as the Boers were holding him. "Have you ever robbed a bumblebee's nest?" he asked Lord Charles Beresford. Beresford was forced to admit that he had not. "Well, it strikes me that the whole war situation is epitomized in the story of the bees, the boy and the bull," continued the American. "White is the bees, the Boers are the boy, and the Army Corps on the ocean is the bull. The boy located the bees' nest in the middle of a pasture field. He gathered together a bundle of switches, tiptoed over, and commenced to whack away at the opening to the bumblebees' nest. Now, if you had ever robbed a bees' nest you'd know mighty well that once you've stirred 'em up, once you've started using your handful of switches and the bees know business is afoot, you've got to keep on a-whacking till the last bee is killed. You can't let up for a moment or the bees are all over you like a red-hot hailstorm. You can't budge, you can't look over your shoulder, but must take your chances and pay strict attention to the bees' nest. The boy I spoke of was so intent on slashing the bees that came boiling out of the ground that he never caught sight of the bull coming on the jump for him. That's as far as I need go with the story now. We'll see what happens when the bull strikes the boy."

There's nothing like giving away information that one cannot make money out of, so let me say that what the Americans call an "elevator" we Englishmen call a "lift." At the dinner to Lipton already referred to a speaker got off a rather clever play on the two words. Lipton's famous threat to "lift that cup" gave the after-dinner orator his chance. He said: "Sir Thomas is perhaps not wholly successful as a lift, but in the important matter of bettering the relationship between the two great English-speaking peoples and placing international sport on a high plane he has proved himself a mighty elevator."

One of the officers captured at Nickolson's Nek was Major W R P. Wallace, of the Gloucestershires. He has a little nephew at Borlose School, Marlow. When the account of the reverse of the British arms reached England one of the masters secured a newspaper and began reading the news out to the scholars.

When the name of Major Wallace was reached, a sharp, clear voice rang out in high glee: "Then my old uncle is bagged, too. Hurrah!"

Here is a Kipling snake-story that is true—which is more than can be said of most snake or Kipling stories that are floating about on the journalistic seas. Odd figures sometimes give a better idea of the extent of the British Empire than even a map of the world would. So here, before really beginning the Kipling snake-story, be it told that last year more than 25,000 of our fellow subjects in India lost their lives by being killed by wild animals. Snake bites account for a large proportion of that 25,000. As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with, Anglo-Indians spend their whole life in thinking of their livers and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers Street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting-room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens." "Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake! flashed across my sleepy brain; I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London, and not in India."

I will not swear to the truth of this story, because I did not hear the street humorist shout, but I can well believe it, for the British workmen, when the Prince of Wales passes along the streets, afoot or in his carriage, always call out cheerful little bits of information to him, or inquire of him how his relations are, being, it would seem, particularly concerned to hear of the good health of His Royal Highness' mother. The query usually put is, "Hullo, Teddy, 'ow's yer ma?" The "lower orders," in fact, take all sorts of liberties with the Prince, and he seems to enjoy their jokes and impertinences thoroughly. For instance, the other day he was driving along the Embankment at the moment that the evening papers were issued announcing that one of his horses had lost an important race. A Sun delivery cart came tearing along loaded with papers, and passing the Prince the driver of the cart noticed the occupant of the carriage. Instantly reining up his horse, the cart-driver jumped out, grabbed a paper, and running to the carriage, threw in the paper, at the same time calling out the news of the race. The Prince told his coachman to stop, slipped his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket and handed the enterprising cart-driver a sovereign. But that is not the story I started to tell.

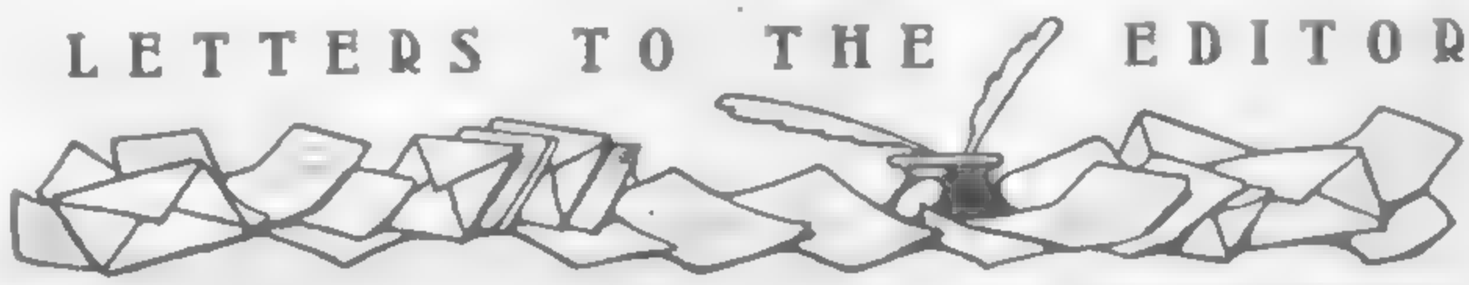
No doubt the news that the American ladies in England are sending out a hospital ship to South Africa to look after the sick and wounded Britishers and Boers is widely known in America. The other day Mrs. Brown-Potter gave a concert party at Claridges' Hotel in aid of the fund, and the Prince of Wales came especially from Sandringham to attend. He drove from Kings Cross Station and found the usual crowd of loiterers about the doors of the hotel, watching the great ones, English and American, arrive. The usual cheers went up for the Prince, and the usual amount of chaffing fell to his lot. The drivers of 'buses, cabs, drays and the British workman in general never speak of him other than as "Teddy." As His Royal Highness' carriage came to a standstill before the entrance to the hotel one lusty-lunged humorist called out in tones of fear: "For 'Eaven's sake, Teddy, don't go in there, or one of them Yankee girls'll marry yer." But another lifted his voice in encouragement: "Don't you be afeared, Teddy. Walk in. We all knows as you 'ave a missis, and we'll stand by yer, even if she's the sister of Jim Jeffries." Evidently this satisfied the Prince, for he walked in without a quake.

Sir Henry Verney, a man perhaps as well known in America as he is in England, has been giving the British public his reminiscences of his midshipman days during the Crimea war. At that time the English and French were fast friends, and the middies of the two navies were of course hand in glove with one another, although as a rule they are the most bloodthirsty lot to be found in this world. "One day," says Sir Edward, "I arranged an expedition with a French midshipman, but when the time came I had got into some scrape; my leave was stopped, and I was unable to keep my appointment. The next time I met him I thought well to put a bold face on the matter. 'Hello,' I said, 'how was it you didn't meet me the other day as we had arranged?' He looked a bit confused and replied 'I was put in the sand-tank for punishment.' 'Never mind,' I replied; 'I did not come myself, as my leave was stopped.' 'Ah,' answered the little Frenchman, 'a midshipman a poor ting in any countree.'" Another yarn.

One day, when Admiral Dundas was leaving the fleet, a sad mistake occurred in signaling. Admiral Dundas signaled with the flags, "Success to you all." In replying, the flags became confused, and Sir Edmund Lyons' reply came out in this curious form: "Hanging attend you" Of course it was only a mistake, and was meant for "Happiness attend you" But the Admirals were known to dislike one another, and the mistake gave real joy to the midshipmen.

In legal circles here they tell the story of one of their distinguished members who had to answer a rather knotty question in New York the other day The first thing that strikes an Englishman as strange on the other side is the appalling list of questions which he has to fill up before landing. This English barrister reached New York, was confronted by the list, sighed and sat him down to fill it up, being in a way a law-abiding man. On the journey across the page of questions he struck the poser, "Are you married or single?" Now it happened he had left London for the sole purpose of being out of England during the days his wife prosecuted her divorce case. So he was compelled to write on the form, "Sorry, but can't tell till I reach a cable office" E. W. Sabel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post

I have been much interested in the articles under the heading Why Young Men Fail, and particularly one written by Roswell Miller, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Being in the employ of one of the best Western railroads, and holding a position which enables me to meet at regular and irregular intervals hundreds of employees and to see their work in all its details, it seems to me that injustice is frequently done them in various ways by their employers. It would indeed be far from difficult to name men who, instead of being merely "time-servers," are working hard, early and late, through holidays and Sundays, and on occasions when almost physically unable. Because of their interest in the work at hand they disregard the rest which Nature demands. They have done this for years.

When a promotion is requested they are put off with excuses when I *know* that the real reason is that they completely "fill the bill," and it would be difficult to procure others who could fill their places. They are simply kept there because their work is satisfactory. The remuneration cannot be increased because their particular positions never demanded more than a specified amount, and it would be a bad precedent to change the schedule of salaries by increase.

Then, again, it frequently happens that a man holding a railroad position, who has performed his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superior, may see an opening in some other department where he can better himself financially. He applies for it, but his chances are few because of the disinclination to appoint a man from another department. It is the same thing right down the line. It is almost impossible for an agent on one division to be transferred. The Superintendent does not care to go beyond his own bailiwick, and will rather promote less capable men of his own than be beholden, as it were, to another Superintendent. This is a matter of jealousy on his part. He does not want to have some other official think that his men are less competent.

With another class of railroad men the same thing happens. There are positions which require years of close application and the hardest kind of work at all hours when accuracy and swiftness are essential. When an employee holding a position of this sort has mastered the details so that he can be trusted as to exactness, etc., and after he has proved equal to every emergency which he has encountered during the passage of years of experience, he asks for a change of employment, his prayer is refused. Can his salary be increased? No; the position is scheduled at so much, and like the laws of the Medes and Persians, The Schedule altereth not. There he is, with no opportunity to expand. He will not be discharged, because his work is excellent, and it would require years to train another man for the place. His friends wonder why the Company does not recognize his ability and promote him. Finally they come to think, as he also does, that he is a failure. When that happens his work deteriorates. Because of his discouragement he becomes a "time-server," and he finds himself losing ground after the best years of his life have passed in earnest, conscientious work, unsparing of his time and strength. Then he is obliged to accept a minor position elsewhere, with the hope (?) of "working up" to something better.

I am convinced that the fa[illegible] the young man himself. His employer stands largely in the position which our college Presidents are so fond of telling us—*in loco parentis*. If he will he can assist him greatly by a word of encouragement now and then, and instil a desire for the best results, for what man is there who will not strive harder when he has some reason to think that his efforts are appreciated? It is essential that discipline and strict observance of rules be enforced at all times, but an occasional word of approbation and recognition of good service would bring about most favorable results, and there would be successes instead of failures.

A. T.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

As one of the young men, I have read with a great deal of interest the letters of prominent business men on the causes of failure recently published in your paper, and I have no doubt but that the publication of those reasons will tend to lessen the dearth of "$5000-a-year men" But unless I have missed it in reading, the writers have failed to put forward one cause which, if not prominent, is at least often present, viz., the employer The majority of a man's waking hours are spent in business, with his employer ever before him

A large percentage of a man's deeds is habit. Many habits are formed when young from example. How many young men are asked to lie or to do a more or less dishonest thing to save the reputation of the "house"? Can a boy of sixteen be blamed for forming his opinion of business men and firms in general from the false method of advertising used by his employer or the masked untruths in the letters he mails at six o'clock?

The employer asks for originality, and yet how often is a suggestion cut short. He requires punctuality and then promotes his laggard son over an industrious outsider. He insists on soberness, and comes back from lunch with a breath that would not deceive the most ignorant. Or he tells the clerks that "honesty for honesty's sake" is the finest thing in the world and then winks as he tells a customer that he has allowed him his best discount. And these are but few of the "unpracticed sermons" that young men meet with.

I wonder if any of the contributors to the subject of "Young Men's Failures" questioned themselves, when thinking of "failures" under their own observation, as to whether their example or influence had anything to do with the results. Don't blame all the failures on us. Never a subject that does not have two sides

The best young men of to-day don't ask for a bed of roses neither do they want to win through a pull, but they do ask for a show and fair treatment. Let the employer remember he was young once himself. The times have changed, also, and beginners now are not commended for doing the things that gave their fathers a start.

Though I have not reached the age of twenty-two, I take the liberty of stating that many a "failure" would have been a "success" if he had had a "David Harum" master, and if ever success knocks at my door I shall attribute nine-tenths of the cause to the hand that is now directing me.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. W. W. Laverino.

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Subjugation of Ethelbertha

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER—The three men—George, the bachelor, and Harris and the author, who are blessed with wives—decide that they need a holiday and a complete change of scene. After talking the matter over, they agree that a cycling tour in the Black Forest will be the very thing. It is unanimously voted that women and children shall be left at home, and the friends part with a courageous resolve to ask for leave from their wives without further delay.

I OPENED the ball with Ethelbertha that same evening. I commenced by being—purposely—a little irritable. My idea was that Ethelbertha would remark upon this; I should admit it, and account for it by over brain-pressure; this would naturally lead to talk about my health in general, and the evident necessity there was for my taking prompt and vigorous measures. I thought that with a little tact I might even manage so that the suggestion should come from Ethelbertha herself. I imagined her saying:

"No, dear, it is change you want—complete change. Now be persuaded by me, and go away for a month; no, do not ask me to come with you; I know you would rather that I did, but I will not. It is the society of other men you need. Try to persuade George and Harris to go with you. Believe me, a highly strung brain such as yours demands occasional relaxation from the strain of domestic surroundings. Forget for a little while the children want music lessons and boots and bicycles, with tincture of rhubarb three times a day; forget there are such things in life as rooks, and house-decorators, and next-door dogs, and butchers' bills. Go away to some green corner of the earth, where all is new and strange to you, where your overwrought mind will gather peace and fresh ideas. Go away for a space and give me time to miss you and to reflect upon your goodness and virtue, which, continually present with me, I may, humanlike, be apt to forget, as one through use grows indifferent to the blessing of the sun, the beauty of the moon. Go away, and come back refreshed in mind and body, a brighter, better man—if that be possible—than when you went away."

■

But even when we obtain our desires they never come to us garbed as we would wish. To begin with, Ethelbertha did not seem to remark that I was irritable; I had to draw her attention to it. I said:

"You must forgive me; I'm not feeling quite myself to-night."

She said: "Oh, I have not noticed anything different about you; what's the matter with you?"

"I can't tell you what it is," I said; "I've felt it coming on for weeks."

"It's that whiskey," said Ethelbertha; "you never touch it except when we go to the Harrises. You know you can't stand it; you have not a strong head."

"It isn't the whiskey," I replied. "It's deeper than that. I fancy it's more mental than bodily."

"You've been reading those criticisms again," said Ethelbertha, more sympathetically. "Why don't you take my advice and put them in the fire?"

"And it isn't the criticisms," I answered; "they've been quite flattering of late—one or two of them."

"Well, what is it?" said Ethelbertha; "there must be something to account for it."

"No, there isn't," I replied, "that's the remarkable thing about it. I can only describe it as a strange feeling of unrest that seems to have taken possession of me."

Ethelbertha glanced across at me with a somewhat curious expression, I thought; but as she said nothing I continued the argument myself.

This aching monotony of life, these days of peaceful, uneventful felicity, they crush one."

"I would not grumble at them," said Ethelbertha, "we might get some of the other sort and like them still less."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied. "In a life of continuous joy I can imagine even pain coming as a welcome variation. I wonder sometimes whether the saints in Heaven do not occasionally feel the continual serenity a burden. To myself, a life of endless bliss, uninterrupted by a single contrasting note, would, I feel, grow maddening. I suppose," I continued, "I am a strange sort of man; I can hardly understand myself at times. There are moments," I added, "when I hate myself."

Often a little speech like this, hinting at hidden depths of indescribable emotion, has touched Ethelbertha, but to-night she appeared strangely unsympathetic. With regard to Heaven and its possible effect upon me, she suggested my not worrying myself about that, remarking it was always foolish to go half-way to meet trouble that might never come, while as to my being a strange sort of fellow, that, she supposed, I could not help, and if other people were willing to put up with me it was not a matter that need trouble me. The monotony of life, she added, was a common experience; there she could sympathize with me.

■

"You don't know how I long," said Ethelbertha, "to get away occasionally even from you; but I know it can never be, so I do not brood upon it."

I had never heard Ethelbertha speak like this before; it astonished and grieved me beyond measure.

"That's not a very kind remark to make," I said; "not a wifely remark."

"I know it isn't," she replied; "that is why I have never said it before. You men never can understand," continued Ethelbertha, "that however fond a woman may be of a man, there are times when he palls upon her. You don't know how I long to be able sometimes to put on my bonnet and go out with nobody to ask me where I am going, why I am going, how long I am going to be, and when I shall be back. You don't know how I sometimes long to order a dinner that I should like and that the children would like, but at sight of which you would put on your hat and be off to the club. You don't know how much I feel inclined sometimes to invite some women here that I like and that I know you don't; to go and see the people that *I* want to see, to go to bed when *I* am tired, and to get up when *I* feel I want to get up. Two people living together are bound both to be continually sacrificing their own desires one to the other. It is sometimes a good thing to slacken the strain a bit."

On thinking over Ethelbertha's words afterward I have come to see their wisdom; but at the time I admit I was hurt and indignant.

"If your desire," I said, "is to get rid of me——"

"Now don't be an old goose," said Ethelbertha. "I only want to get rid of you for a little while—just long enough to forget there are one or two corners about you that are not perfect; just long enough to let me remember what a dear fellow you are in other respects, and to look forward to your return, as I used to look forward to your coming in the old days when I did not see you so often as to become, perhaps, a little indifferent to you; as one grows indifferent to the glory of the sun, just because he is there every day."

■

I did not like the tone that Ethelbertha took. There seemed to be a frivolity about her unsuited to the theme into which we had drifted. That a woman should contemplate cheerfully an absence of three or four weeks from her husband appeared to me to be not altogether nice—not what I call womanly; it was not like Ethelbertha at all. I was worried; I felt I didn't want to go on this trip at all. If it had not been for George and Harris I should have abandoned it. As it was, I could not see how to change my mind with dignity.

"Very well, Ethelbertha," I replied, "it shall be as you wish. If you desire a holiday from my presence, you shall enjoy it; but if it is not impertinent curiosity on the part of a husband, I should like to know what you purpose doing in my absence."

"We will take that house at Folkestone," answered Ethelbertha, "and I'll go down there with Kate. And if you want to do Clara Harris a good turn," added Ethelbertha, "you'll persuade Harris to go with you, and then Clara can join us. We three used to have some very jolly times together before you men ever came along, and it would be just delightful to renew them. Do you think that you could persuade Mr. Harris to go with you?"

I said I would try.

"There's a dear boy," said Ethelbertha; "try hard. You might get George to join you."

I replied there was not much advantage in George coming, seeing he was a bachelor, and that therefore nobody would be much benefited by his absence. But a woman never understands satire. She merely remarked it would look unkind leaving him behind. I promised to put it to him.

■

I met Harris at the club in the afternoon, and asked him how he had got on.

He said: "Oh, that's all right; there's no difficulty about getting away."

But there was that about his tone that suggested incomplete satisfaction, so I pressed him for further details.

"She was as sweet as milk about it," he continued, "said it was an excellent idea of George's, and that she thought it would do me good."

"That seems all right," I said, "what's wrong about that?"

"There's nothing wrong about that," he answered; "but that wasn't all. She went on to talk of other things."

"I understand," I said.

"There's that bathroom fad of hers," he continued.

"I've heard of it," I said; "she has started Ethelbertha on the idea."

"Well, I've had to agree to that being put in hand at once; I couldn't argue any more when she was so nice about the other thing. That'll cost me a hundred pounds, at the very least."

"As much as that?" I asked.

"Every penny of it, the estimate alone is sixty."

I was sorry to hear him say this.

"Then there's the kitchen stove," he continued; "everything that has gone wrong in the house for the last two years has been the fault of that kitchen stove."

"I know," I said. "We have been in seven houses since we were married, and every kitchen stove has been worse than the last. Our present one is not only incompetent, it is spiteful. It knows when we are giving a party and goes out of its way to do its worst."

"*We're* going to have a new one," said Harris, but he did not say it proudly. "Clara thought it would be such a

I OPENED THE BALL WITH ETHELBERTHA THAT SAME EVENING. I COMMENCED BY BEING—PURPOSELY—A LITTLE IRRITABLE

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 8. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

saving of expense having the two things done at the same time. I believe if a woman wanted a diamond tiara she would explain that it was to save the expense of a bonnet."

"How much do you reckon the stove is going to cost you?" I asked. I felt interested in the subject

"I don't know—another twenty, I suppose. Then we talked about the piano. Could you ever notice any difference between one piano and another?"

"Some of them seem to be a bit louder than others," I answered; "but one gets used to that."

"Ours is all wrong about the treble," said Harris. "By the way, what *is* the treble?"

"It's the shrill end of the thing," I explained, "the part that sounds as if you'd trod on its tail. The brilliant selection always ends up with a flourish on it."

"They want more of it," said Harris; "our old one hasn't got enough of it. I'll have to put it in the nursery, and get a new one for the drawing-room."

"Anything else?" I asked

"No," said Harris; "she didn't seem able to think of anything else.

"You'll find when you get home she's thought of one other thing."

"What's that?" asked Harris

"A house at Folkestone for the season.

"What should she want a house at Folkestone for?"

"To live in," I suggested, "during the summer months"

"She's going to her people in Wales," said Harris, "for the holidays, with the children; we've had an invitation

"Possibly," I said, "she'll go to Wales before she goes to Folkestone, or maybe she'll take Wales on her way home, but she'll want a house at Folkestone for the season, notwithstanding. I may be mistaken—I hope for your sake that I am—but I feel a presentment that I'm not."

"This trip," said Harris, "is going to be expensive."

"It was an idiotic suggestion," I said, "from the beginning."

"It was foolish of us to listen to him," said Harris, "he'll get us into real trouble one of these days."

"He always was a muddler," I agreed

"So headstrong," added Harris.

We heard his voice at that moment in the hall asking for letters

Better not say anything to him," I suggested; "it's too late to go back now."

"There would be no advantage in doing so," replied Harris; "I should have to get that bathroom and piano in any case now."

He came in looking very cheerful

"Well," he said, "is it all right? Have you managed it?"

There was that about his tone I did not altogether like; I noticed Harris resented it also.

"Managed what?" I said.

"Why, to get off," said George.

I felt the time was come to explain things to George.

"In married life," I said, "the man proposes, the woman submits. It is her duty; all religion teaches it."

George folded his hands and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. "We may chaff and joke a little about these things," I continued, "but when it comes to practice, that is what always happens. We have mentioned to Ethelbertha and to Clara that we are going; naturally, they are grieved; they would prefer to come with us; failing that, they would have us remain with them. But we have explained to them our wishes on the subject, and—there's an end of the matter."

"Forgive me," said George, "I did not understand. I am only a bachelor. People tell me this, that and the other and I listen."

I said: "That is where you do wrong. When you want information, come to Harris or myself; we will tell you the truth about these matters."

George thanked us, and we proceeded with the business in hand.

"When shall we start?" said George.

"The sooner the better," replied Harris

His idea, I fancy, was to get away before Mrs. H. thought of other things. We fixed the following Wednesday.

"What about route?" asked Harris.

"I have an idea," said George. "I take it you fellows are naturally anxious to improve your minds."

I said: "We don't want to become monstrosities; to a reasonable degree, yes, if it can be done without much expense and with little personal trouble."

"It can," said George. "We know Holland and the Rhine. Very well; my suggestion is that we take the boat to Hamburg, see Berlin and Dresden, and work our way to the Forest through Nuremberg and Stuttgart."

"There are some pretty hits in Mesopotamia, so I've been told," murmured Harris.

George said Mesopotamia was too much out of our way, but that the Berlin-Dresden route was quite practicable. For good or evil he persuaded us into it.

"The machines, I suppose," said George, "will be as before; Harris and I on the tandem, J——

"I think not," interrupted Harris firmly you and J. on the tandem, I on the single."

"All the same to me," agreed George. "J. and I on the tandem, Harris——"

"I do not mind taking my turn," I interrupted, "but I am not going to carry George *all* the way; the burden should be divided."

"Very well," agreed Harris, "we'll divide it. But it must be on the distinct understanding that he works."

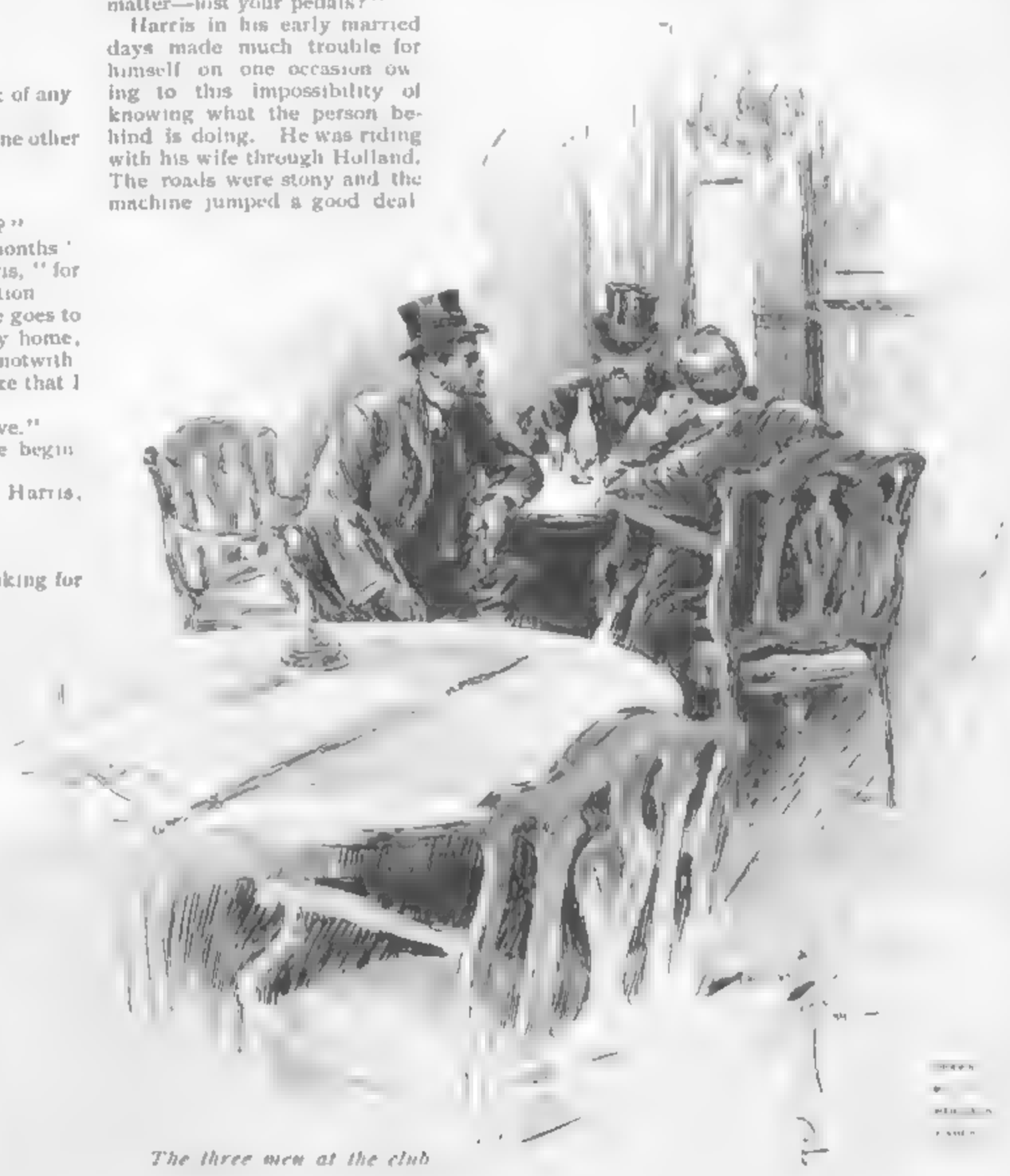
"That he what?" said George

"That he works," repeated Harris firmly, "at all events, up-hill."

"Great Scott!" said George; "don't you want *any* exercise?"

There is always unpleasantness about this tandem. It is the theory of the man in front that the man behind does nothing; it is equally the theory of the man behind that he alone is the motive power, the man in front merely doing the puffing. The mystery will never be solved. It is annoying when Prudence is whispering to you on the one side not to overdo your strength and bring on heart disease; while Justice into the other ear is remarking, "Why should you do it all? This isn't a cab. He's not your passenger"; to hear him grunt out: "What's the matter—lost your pedals?"

Harris in his early married days made much trouble for himself on one occasion owing to this impossibility of knowing what the person behind is doing. He was riding with his wife through Holland. The roads were stony and the machine jumped a good deal



The three men at the club

"Sit tight," said Harris without turning his head

What Mrs. Harris thought he said was "jump off." Why she should have thought he said "jump off" when he said "sit tight" neither of them can explain.

Mrs. Harris puts it this way: "If you had said 'sit tight,' why should I have jumped off?"

Harris puts it: "If I had wanted you to jump off why should I have said 'sit tight'?"

The bitterness is past, but they argue about the matter to this day.

Be the explanation what it may, however, nothing alters the fact that Mrs. Harris did jump off, while Harris pedaled away hard under the impression she was still behind him It appears that at first she thought he was riding up the hill merely to show off. They were both young in those days, and he used to do that sort of thing. She expected him to spring to earth on reaching the summit and lean in a careless and graceful attitude against the machine waiting for her. When, on the contrary, she saw him pass the summit and proceed rapidly down a long and steep incline she was seized, first with surprise, secondly with indignation, and lastly with alarm. She ran to the top of the hill and shouted; but he never turned his head. She watched him disappear into a wood a mile and a half distant and then sat down and cried They had had a slight difference that morning, and she wondered if he had taken it seriously and intended desertion. She had no money; she knew no Dutch. People passed, and seemed sorry for her; she tried to make them understand what had happened. They gathered that she had lost something, but could not grasp what. They took her to the nearest village and found a policeman for her. He concluded from her pantomime that some man had stolen her bicycle. They put the telegraph into operation, and discovered in a village four miles off an unfortunate boy riding a lady's machine of an obsolete pattern. They brought him to her in a cart, but as she did not appear to want either him or his bicycle they let him go again, and resigned themselves to bewilderment

Meanwhile Harris continued his ride with much enjoyment. It seemed to him that he had suddenly become a stronger and in every way a more capable cyclist. Said he to what he thought was Mrs. Harris-

"I haven't felt this machine so light for months. It's this air, I think, it's doing me good."

Then he told her not to be afraid, and he would show her how fast he *could* go. He bent down over the handles and put his heart into his work. The bicycle bounded over the road like a thing of life, farmhouses and churches, dogs and chickens came to him and passed. Old folks stood and gazed at him; the children cheered him

In this way he sped merrily onward for about five miles. Then, as he explains it, the feeling began to grow upon him that something was wrong. He was not surprised at the silence; the wind was blowing strongly, and the machine was rattling a good deal. It was a sense of void that came upon him. He stretched out his hand behind him, and felt; there was nothing there but space. He jumped or rather fell off, and looked back up the road; it stretched white and straight through the dark wood, and not a living soul could he see upon it. He remounted, and rode back up the hill. In ten minutes he came to where the road broke into four; there he dismounted and tried to remember which fork he had come down.

While he was deliberating a man passed, sitting sideways on a horse. Harris stopped him, and explained that he had lost his wife. The man appeared to be neither surprised nor sorry. While they were talking another farmer came along, to whom the first man explained the matter, not as an accident but as a good story. What appeared to surprise the second man most was that Harris should be making a fuss about the thing. He could get no sense out of either of them, and cursing them for a couple of idiots he mounted his machine again and took the middle road on chance. Half way up he came upon a party of two young women with one man between them. They appeared to be making the most of him. He asked them if they had seen his wife. They asked him what she was like. He did not know enough Dutch to describe her properly; all he could tell them was she was a very beautiful woman of medium size. Evidently this did not satisfy them; the description was too general; any man could say that and by this means perhaps get possession of a wife that did not belong to him. They asked him how she was dressed; for the life of him he could not recollect. I doubt if any man could tell how any woman was dressed ten minutes after he had left her. He recollected a blue skirt and then there was something that carried the dress on, as it were, up to the neck. Possibly this may have been a blouse; he retained a dim vision of a belt; but what sort of a blouse? Was it green, or yellow, or blue? Had it a collar or was it fastened with a bow? Were there feathers in her hat, or flowers? Or was it a hat at all? He dared not say for fear of making a mistake and being sent miles after the wrong party. The two young women giggled, which in his then state of mind irritated Harris. The young man, who appeared anxious to get rid of him, suggested the police station at the next town.

Harris made his way there. The police gave him a piece of paper, and told him to write down a full description of his wife, together with details of when and where he had lost her. He did not know where he had lost her; all he could tell them was the name of the village where he had lunched He knew he had her with him then, and that they had started from there together. The police looked suspicious; they were doubtful about three matters; First, was she really his wife? Second, had he really lost her? Third, why had he lost her? With the aid of a hotel-keeper, however, who spoke a little English, he overcame their scruples. They promised to act, and in the evening they brought her to him in a covered wagon, together with a bill for expenses. The meeting was not a tender one. Mrs. Harris is not a good actress, and always has great difficulty in disguising her

feelings; on this occasion, she frankly admits, she made no attempt to disguise them

The wheel business settled, there arose the everlasting luggage question.

"The usual list, I suppose," said George, preparing to write

That was wisdom I had taught them; I had learned it myself years ago from my Uncle Podger.

"Always before beginning to pack," my uncle would say, "make a list."

He was a methodical man

"Take a piece of paper"—he always began at the beginning—"put down on it everything you can possibly require; then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without. Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well put it down—together with a change. You get up; what do you do? Wash yourself What do you wash yourself with? Soap: put down soap. Go on till you have finished Then take your clothes Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots shoes, socks: put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What else do you want besides clothes? A little brandy, put it down. A corkscrew: put it down. Put down everything, then you don't forget anything."

That is the plan he always pursued himself. The list made, he would go over it carefully, as he always advised, to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again, and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Said George: "Just sufficient for a day or two we will take with us on our bikes. The bulk of our luggage we must send on from town to town"

"We must be careful," I said. "I know [illegible]

Harris looked at his watch

"We'll hear about him on the boat," said Harris. "I have got to meet Clara at Waterloo Station in half an hour."

"It won't take half an hour," I said "It's a true story, and——"

"Don't waste it," said George. "I am told there are rainy evenings in the Black Forest; we may be glad of it. What we have to do now is to finish this list."

Now I come to think of it, I never did get off that story; something always interrupted it. And it really was true.

Not Used to Clipping Texans

WHEN James S. Hogg, whose Bryan speech last summer started a stampede for the Nebraska orator in the ranks of Tammany Hall, was Governor of Texas, he visited New York on legal business and put up at one of the largest uptown hotels He carefully evaded the reporters, many of whom knew him, and went into the barber shop to have his hair and whiskers trimmed In the middle of the operation he thoughtlessly closed his eyes for a few minutes, and when he opened them he found that the barber had shaved his cheeks, giving him flowing side whiskers, and had trimmed his beard to a point. His mustache also had been outstretched and partially waxed. The mirror gave back to the astonished Governor the awe stricken face of a stout Parisian of the ultra French type

"What did you do that for?" he exclaimed as soon as he could control his voice. "I'm no Frenchman. I come from Texas"

"All right, sir," replied the barber impassively, and he went at the Governor again He combed the whiskers straight down, also the mustache, and cut off the point of the beard

"Now I'm a German," said the Governor. "I don't want to be any kind of a foreigner. I'm an American—a Texan, I tell you. Try it again."

This time the barber ruffled the side-whiskers and tousled the beard so that every particular hair pointed in a different direction

"I thought I said I was a Texan," said the Governor with dangerous politeness. "Now, my friend, because I come from Texas I want you to understand that I'm no anarchist I want you to take off every hair on my face except on my lip, and I want my mustache cut short. Understand me, short, and the next time I come to New York I'll bring my own barber along with me."

The LOSS of the DORIC

By H. Phelps Whitmarsh

Author of The World's Rough Hand

McDEVITT'S restaurant lies in one of the narrow streets leading up from the wharves. From its door one can smell the fish depots on Atlantic Avenue and see the East Boston ferry house. In one of the windows, seated at a desk, the portly proprietor can usually be seen—clean shaven, close-cropped, and in his shirt-sleeves. The other window displays a number of fly-specked bottles and a large white sign. The interior is a long, tunnel-like room with one side partitioned off into little compartments, each capable of seating four persons, and having dingy red curtains to be drawn should the occupants require privacy. One Saturday night, when McDevitt's was at its busiest, when the gas jets were all a-flare and the place besieged by a crowd of Gloucester fishermen, deep water sailors and dock laborers, a short, stocky man with a black beard and a pair of half shut, keen blue eyes stepped across the threshold

He paused uncertainly for a moment, then made his way with rolling gait along the line of compartments, looking for an empty one. Half-way down he parted the curtains before a table apparently vacant, and surprised a swarthy individual sitting in one corner, who immediately informed him, with much politeness and a strong Spanish accent, that the place was engaged.

"Infernal Dago!" growled the man with the black beard contemptuously, as he withdrew and entered the next division. "I can't stand these Cubans

"I'll have some ham and eggs and a glass of ale," he said to the waiter, who [illegible] questioningly over him while he studied the fare bill

The waiter departed. The man thrust his legs out under the table, jammed his hands into his trousers' pockets and gazed moodily at the tarnished cruet. Jack Hammers was not in the best of humors, and, all things considered, it was not to be wondered at. In Liverpool, three weeks before, he had thrown up his command of the Engadine, an old-fashioned clipper in the Australian trade, to take the position of chief officer aboard the new steamship Doric. The passage over had been stormy in more senses than one. Not only was the weather rough and the Doric badly stowed, but the Captain proved himself a morose, fault finding bully. The Mate had given the Captain a piece of his mind, with the result that, as soon as the vessel reached Boston, he was discharged

Now, Jack Hammers had been engaged by the ship's owners, and in theory the Captain had no authority to discharge him on such grounds. In practice, however, a Captain in a foreign port can do very much as he pleases, and Hammers, in spite of his vigorous protests, had been forced to leave; not only he, indeed, but also the Third Officer, the Boatswain, and practically all the hands. Such a wholesale paying-off by an English ship in an American port was unusual. It created much comment in sailor-town, the Doric was put down as a "hard packet" and promptly boycotted The Second Mate, who was in the Captain's watch and appeared to get along with him very well, and the Chief Engineer were the only officers that stayed by [illegible]

The Doric had now [illegible] and Jack Hammers had, so far, been unable to find a ship to carry him back to Liverpool He would take nothing but a vessel bound for the British Isles, as it was his intention to see the Doric's owners and lay his case before them.

Meanwhile, the big freighter lay at Pier No. 6, East Boston, taking in the largest cargo of grain that had ever crossed the Western Ocean." No new hands had been shipped, nor, to all appearances, had her Captain tried to secure any It was rumored among the "crimps" on "the street" that her crew were coming from New York.

Jack Hammers had been waiting for his meal several minutes when his gloomy reflections were broken into by the [illegible] familiar voice. There was no [illegible] loud, blustering tones which carried over the partition. It was the voice of Captain Sharpley, of the Doric. The din of the place was such that, although Hammers caught a word here and there, he could not hear the conversation; yet he listened with all his ears, wondering what could have brought his late skipper to McDevitt's. For him, whose small pay day was already almost gone, McDevitt's was a natural result, but for Captain Sharpley to eat there was most extraordinary.

He stepped into the room. The curtains at the Captain's table were drawn and he could see nothing. He was about to step out when his eye was attracted by a moving reflection in the narrow strip of mirror above the back of the bar. It slanted forward at such an angle that, from where he stood, he could look over the top of the drapery and distinctly see the inmates of the nearest boxes. One interior claimed his entire attention

In it he saw two men; one, the swarthy man whom he had so scornfully termed "Dago," the other a heavy red-whiskered personage, wearing a black peaked cap, a red handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, and showing under his old coat a dark blue flannel undershirt. The "Dago" at that moment was busy counting a large package of bills. When he had finished he passed them over to the red whiskered man, who again counted them and placed them carefully in his pocket.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Jack Hammers, as he drew away. "The 'old man' dressed up as a fireman and taking money from a 'Dago'! There's some crooked work here, I'll take my oath."

His suspicions thoroughly aroused, he joined the group of loafers which hung about the door and watched. In the course of half an hour the peculiar pair came out as they had entered—separately, the Captain, with a quick glance up and down the street, heading for the ferry, the "Dago" taking an uptown car

Mr Hammers made his way slowly to his lodging, pondering deeply over the strange behavior of the Doric's Captain. That some deviltry was afoot he was convinced, but what particular kind of deviltry was it? That was the first question to be answered

Next morning, in the hope that he might discover something, he went over to Pier 6. The immense freight-boat was already half laden, and lay under the chutes of the elevator with a slight list to port. Several coal barges were made fast along her outer side—a thing which pointed to the fact that the Doric had burned more coal than was expected on her first trip, for British vessels usually carry sufficient fuel to last them both ways.

He nodded to the Quartermaster stationed at the gangway, and asked for the Second Mate

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I'll call him, if you like, sir."

"No, never mind, Martin; I'll go up myself"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man, "but Cap'en's orders is that no one's to be allowed [illegible]

"Captain Sharpley's getting funny," said Mr. Hammers, as he turned on his heel

The following two days he spent in and about the dock, watching, with a suspicious eye, the various merchandise taken as cargo and every person permitted to ascend the [illegible] In spite of his close surveillance, [illegible] he saw nothing out of the ordinary ship loading routine

On Wednesday morning, as he stopped to make an inquiry at the Commissioner's Office, he was astonished to hear that the Doric had cleared with the early tide.

"Where did she get her crew?" he asked of his informant, a tall, one-eyed man, who was steward of a coaster

"They came on a late train last night from N'Yawk, or somewheres," was the reply. "A tough crowd, too, by the looks of 'em. Mostly 'Dagos.'"

A week later, his money having given out, and seeing no opportunity of getting an officer's position, Jack Hammers shipped before the mast in a small bark bound for Liverpool, where, after a twenty-seven days' passage, he arrived. The trip had in no way deadened the feeling that he had been unjustly treated, and no sooner was the vessel made fast than he donned his shore-going rig and, with a determined look on his face, bent his steps toward Water Street, upon which were situated the offices of the [illegible]

Inquiring for Mr. Dennison, he slowly passed through some half dozen human filters, and was at last conducted into the Superintendent's presence

"Good-morning, Mr. Hammers," said that gentleman rather coldly

"Good morning, sir.

There was an awkward pause, in which the Superintendent looked up expectantly, and the Mate fumbled the rim of his hat

"I came to see you about my being discharged in Boston, Mr. Dennison. Captain Sharpley——

"Excuse me, Mr Hammers, but I do not think we need discuss this matter. We have all the information necessary concerning your discharge In Captain Sharpley's last letter he gave us his reasons."

"Would you mind telling me what those reasons were, sir?"

For answer the Superintendent picked up a letter-file which lay on his table and read as follow

> "As to the chief officer, Mr J Hammers, I regret to say that I have also been forced to discharge him. First, for incompetence; second, for refusing to obey orders; and third, for inciting the hands to follow his mutinous example. No one will appreciate more than yourselves——"

"It's a —— lie!" thundered Jack Hammers, bringing down his fist upon the table with a bang. "Bring him here and see if he dare say that to my face!"

The Superintendent looked searchingly at the officer. "Is it possible you have not heard the news?" he sai

"What news, sir?

[illegible]

"Lost!" said the Superintendent gravely "That is, we suppose so. She's twenty-eight days overdue this morning and has not been sighted since she left Boston."

"Lost!" echoed Jack Hammers, completely staggered by the information. He stared foolishly at the Superintendent for a moment

"Well," he muttered, "if that's the case, I'll say nothing against the dead Good-day, sir."

And in a dazed kind of way he passed through the spacious offices out into the street

Aimlessly he wandered about the docks all day, unable to shake the thing from his mind Toward evening he bought a Mercury, and the first thing that caught his

eye as he opened the sheet was the headline, "Loss of the Doric." Mechanically he read the paragraph:

"New York. The steamship Anglia, of the Wafter Line, arrived from Liverpool to-day. She reports having picked up one of the boats of the missing steamer Doric in latitude 45° 58′ N. and longitude 52° 50′ W. The boat was badly stove in and had evidently been in the water several days. The Anglia sighted a number of icebergs in the same vicinity, and there is no doubt in the minds of her Captain and officers that the loss [illegible] to these floating menaces to shipping. The Doric was one of the 9000-ton steamers recently built for the Western Line at a cost of £120,000. Besides a large quantity of machinery and other valuable cargo, she carried 136,000 bushels of wheat and 80,000 bushels of corn, the value of which alone amounted to £26,200.

Folding the paper carefully, Mr Hammers placed it in his pocket, and then, beginning to feel the need of refreshment, turned toward the city. His nearest way lay through the Waterloo Dock, and as he passed along the western end he noticed that the gates were open and that a large iron ship with painted ports was hauling in.

"It's the Caribbean,' said Jack Hammers recognizing her lines "I must go aboard and see Munro."

Walking around the dock edge he sprang aboard. Without ceremony, he passed into the saloon and banged upon the Captain's stateroom door.

"Come in!" roared a sea born voice.

Jack Hammers turned the knob and confronted a short, red faced man, striving, with closed eyes and clenched teeth, to button a stick up collar around his neck

"Hello, Hammers, old man," he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily. "Glad to see you alive, anyway. D ye know, that lubberly pilot told us you were given up for lost. What was the matter—engines break down?"

"I don't know what was the matter, Munro; I wasn't in her this trip, and I'm precious glad. She hasn't turned up yet."

"The deuce you weren't! Where did you leave her?"

"In Boston."

"What in blazes for?"

"Oh, it's a long story, Munro Where are you from?

"I've been in luck, Hammers. Took a general cargo out to Quebec, and was lucky enough to get a load of lumber back again, and, d ye know, Hammers, we sighted the Doric on the run home? Odd, wasn't it?"

Ay, it was. Where was it?"

"I think we were three or four days out from the St. Lawrence when we saw her. We were on the southerly tack, and she crossed our stern, going very slowly, I thought, and heading well to the no'th'ard. We spoke about it at the time.

"Did you signal?" asked Jack Hammers

"We hoisted our name because we wanted to be reported; but I guess the flags got to leeward of the spanker—anyhow, she didn't answer. There, I'm ready now. Come on, old man!"

As they stepped through the cabin alleyway the visitor suddenly stopped.

"Say, Munro," he said, "let's look at your log book. I'd like to see what position you were in when you sighted the Doric."

"All right," said the amiable little skipper. "Come into the Mate's room."

Rapidly turning the leaves of the journal backward, he rested at the page dated May 21 and ran his fat forefinger along the lines to the "Remarks" column

"There you are," he said. "'Six A. M., sighted the steamship Doric of the Western Line. Sent up code signal but got no reply. Wind increasing in force steadily. Took in foretopgallant sail, etc., etc.' Let me see. By dead reckoning we were in latitude 50° 32′ N. and longitude 42° 42′ W."

"Are you sure that's right?" questioned Jack Hammers, as he peered excitedly over the Captain's shoulder. "Yes," he continued, "I see it is. By thunder, Munro, this beats [illegible]

"What d'ye mean, Hammers?"

"First," said Jack Hammers, "I'd like you to tell me how you knew it was the Doric you passed that morning?"

"How did I know her, man? Why, I was in Belfast when she and her sister ship, the Gothic, were launched! I knew her by her rig, her funnels, and her coffin shaped stern. And, besides, I knew from the papers when I was in Quebec, that she was to sail from Boston on the nineteenth The Gothic was the only ship I could possibly have missed her for, and she was in Liverpool."

"All right, then," said Jack Hammers "Now I'll go ahead." And, beginning with his outward bound passage, he gave a detailed account of all that had happened

"You see, Munro," he remarked in concluding, "there is a chain of suspicious incidents running right through the affair Number one"—he was checking them off on his fingers—"is the discharge of the majority of the crew in Boston without any just cause Number two is the strange conduct of Sharpley in disguising himself as a fireman and taking money from a fishy looking 'Dago.' Three is his shipping a crew of foreigners. Four is his taking in coal, when I'm pretty sure he didn't need it to reach Liverpool. Five is his lying letters to the owners, and six is the astonishing fact that you sighted the Doric away to the no'th'ard of the course, heading still farther north, and five hundred miles beyond the spot where her boat was picked up by the Anglia.

"I tell you what, Captain," he continued, raising his voice, "I believe the Doric has been stolen'

"Oh, rot!" said the Captain. "Whoever heard of such a thing in these days? Come have some dinner and you'll feel better."

In spite of his friend's ridicule, however, Jack Hammers persisted in his belief. He sat up late that night thinking, and poring over a chart of the North Atlantic In the morning he took the chart, himself and a theory to the office of the Atlantic Marine Insurance Company

Half an hour after Jack Hammers passed through the green baize doors of the inner office, a boy with a handful of telegrams rushed out of the building. At two o'clock Sir George Aspinwall, the President, and as many of the Directors as could be present, held a special meeting behind closed doors

After relating the peculiar circumstances in connection with the disappearance of the Doric, Jack Hammers ended by giving his theory of it. "My belief, gentlemen," he said, "is that Captain Sharpley, the Chief Engineer, the Second Mate and some wealthy Cuban or Cubans deliberately formed a conspiracy to seize the Doric and sell her, cargo and all, to the Cuban insurgents They bought extra coal [illegible] a printing press [illegible] covered his track by making false reports to the owners, shipped a crew of New York Cubans, supporters of the rebel cause, and on the regular sailing day cleared the port

"Instead of making a course for Liverpool, he steers to the northward and slings a smashed boat over the side as soon as he sights ice. He answers no signals, because he does not want to be reported He steers slowly to save coal. Away up in the Arctic, out of the track of vessels, he banks his fires and sets to work making the vessel look as unlike the Doric as possible; paints her a different color, of course; changes her name, and perhaps her entire deck plan. In the meantime he prints all the ship's documents he wants and forges the necessary signatures. To alter her sufficiently I reckon he would have to remain in the Arctic about two months; and that, gentlemen, in my humble opinion, is where the Doric is to-day."

How do you propose to capture her, then, Mr. Hammers?" asked the President.

"If my theory is right, sir," replied Jack Hammers, "and she is bound for Cuba, there are a hundred chances to one that she will go through the Windward Passage. My idea would be to intercept her there by a small steamer rigged as a gunboat."

At four o'clock that same afternoon Sir George and Jack Hammers were in the Birkenhead Float inspecting a small but powerful-looking steamer which lay with a broom [illegible] to her masthead, announcing that she was for sale

"Just the thing, sir," said Jack Hammers. "Lots of beam, you see, sir, and a good solid look about her. Rig her square on the fore, give her a coat of black paint, a cream-colored funnel and a few 'jimmy fixings' and she'll make as smart a looking gunboat as any of 'em"

"Very good, Mr Hammers," said Sir George; "and—what about—ah—crew?"

"Twenty-five smart hands in addition to the firemen and engineers will be plenty, sir—plenty. Of course, they must be supplied with naval uniforms."

"And ah—guns, Mr Hammers?

"Two dummies, and one for the bow that will bark, Sir George. Revolvers will be all the small arms necessary

Forty eight hours later the little steamer picked her way through the gates of the Float and passed into the river. Down through that crowded thoroughfare she sped at a lively rate—out past the New Brighton Pier, the bar and northwest lightships; out into the cleaner waters of the bay, until the twinkling sunset lights of the anchored fleet astern went out and the flash of the Skerries on the bow illumined her path to the sea

On the ninth day out a permanent lookout was established on the fore crosstrees and the night lookout doubled. The men were ordered to report everything on the horizon.

"IT'S THE CARIBBEAN," SAID JACK HAMMERS RECOGNIZING HER LINES "I MUST GO ABOARD AND SEE MUNRO"

Swift's Home Calendar

Spring
Reduced from Swift's Home Calendar

The Calendar is in the form of a screen, its exact size being 10 x 25½ inches.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard—Absolutely pure and wholesome. Grateful housekeepers have learned that they can depend on its invariable quality.

Summer
Reduced from Swift's Home Calendar

Four circular panels are joined together by decorative scrolls, with the calendar pages underneath

Swift's Premium Bacon—Attractive and dainty in appearance—crisp and appetizing when served.

Reduced from Swift's Home Calendar

In each of the panels is an ideal head, typifying one of the four seasons. These were painted by Percy Morris, the great water colorist

Swift's Premium Hams—Cooked in any manner, are always delicious.

"Winter"
Reduced from Swift's Home Calendar

The calendar is lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and the work is so well done that the pictures are absolutely like the original paintings.

Swift's Home Calendar will be sent to any address for 10 cents. Stamps or money accepted. Address Dept. L.

Swift and Company
Chicago

Every steamer bound in the same direction was examined carefully through the glasses of Captain Hammers and his vigilant officers, and, if necessary, chased until her identity was known. With the morning of the twelfth day came the rousing cry of "Land, ho!" from the masthead. All hands clustered on the forecastle head to watch what appeared to be a small blue cloud rising out of the sea. It was Watling Island, in the Bahamas, a favorite place for mariners to take their bearings before passing through the Windward Passage into the Caribbean Sea.

No sooner was Captain Hammers sure of his position than he at once altered the course and bore away to the northwest. Then, turning about, he swept back in a wide semicircle to Watling Island, and thus continued to patrol the entrance to the Passage.

This somewhat monotonous routine went on for a fortnight. Captain Hammers began to show signs of impatience and anxiety. What if his theory should prove wrong?

On the morning of the fifteenth day, however, he was startled by a hail from aloft.

"Steamer on the starboard bow, sir!"

For some time nothing of the reported vessel could be seen from the bridge; then a low bank of smoke became visible, later her masts and funnel, and lastly her hull.

"Two sticks and one smokestack—that's not her," said the Mate disappointedly. "Should have two funnels and four masts; shouldn't she, sir?"

"She had when I left her, Mr. Suggitt," answered the Captain, with his eyes still glued to his glasses. "I see there's no white band around her smokestack, and that she's painted lead color," he continued. "All that could be easily fixed, though. But her hull's big enough. Alter the course so as to run alongside of her, Suggitt. Confound it! If she wasn't coming head on I could tell something about her.

"I think, as a matter of precaution, Mr. Suggitt," he said, facing the chief officer, "you had better call all hands, clear away that gun for'ard and hoist the colors. Also run up the signal, 'What ship is that?'"

The Boatswain piped "All hands" in true man-of-war fashion, and in a remarkably short space of time the deck was alive with [illegible]. A string of code flags broke from her fore gaff, and the folds of the white ensign floated gracefully astern.

On came the big steamer, rolling lazily on the heavy easterly swell and emitting volumes of dense black smoke.

"What do you make of her now, sir?" asked the chief officer, springing up the steps of the bridge.

"Nothing," replied the Captain shortly. "And she doesn't answer our signal, either. We'll give her no excuse for that, though."

In quick succession the telegraph in the engine-room rang out, "Stand by!" "Slow!" "Stop her!" And in a few minutes the little steamer lay broadside on, in the direct course of the vessel coming from the northward.

"I fancy she can see our bunting now. Ah! There goes her signal! 'R. C. Q.' Quick with that code, Suggitt!"

"No such signal in the book, sir," said the Mate, running his finger up and down one of the pages.

"It's a bluff, then, by thunder!" said Jack Hammers excitedly. "'Run up, "Heave to; I want to speak you."'"

As the new lot of flags went jerkily aloft, the big steamer, now but a mile or so away, swerved suddenly so as to avoid running the smaller one down. The Captain's eyes followed her sharply until she exposed her side and quarter.

"At last!" he shouted. "The Doric!"

IMMEDIATELY HE WAS HANDCUFFED AND CARRIED INTO ONE OF THE STATEROOMS

The next moment he was thundering orders from the bridge.

As the little steamer slowly gathered way, and spun around in a semicircle toward her quarry, a second signal was run up aboard her. "'Cannot understand your signal,'" read the Mate.

"Then we'll give her something that she can understand," said the Captain savagely. "For'ard, there! Ready with that gun! [illegible] sir!" answered the Second Mate. "[illegible]re!" yelled the Captain.

There was a flash forward, a dull roar, and a well-aimed shot flew screaming over the funnel of the big steamer.

When the smoke had cleared away it was seen that she was slowing down.

"Now, Suggitt," said Jack Hammers, as they steamed up to get within hailing distance. "I'll go below while you do the [illegible]."

As they ranged alongside a sullen crowd of dark skinned men could be seen leaning over the rail. On the bridge stood a group of officers closely watching the little steamer.

"What ship is that?" bellowed Mr. Suggitt.

"The Loch Lomond, of Liverpool, bound for Colon. Who are you?" came back in the blustering tones of Captain Sharpley.

"Her Majesty's ship Defense," replied Mr. Suggitt. "Why didn't you answer our signal?"

"Our code book's partially destroyed."

"How is it we don't find your name in the book?"

"She's a new ship, only launched this year."

"Well," said Mr. Suggitt, as if he were almost satisfied, "send your Captain aboard with the ship's papers. If they are all right you can proceed."

After some delay a small boat was lowered from the davits of the Loch Lomond, and her Captain, with four hands, pulled off to the little steamer.

■

In the clean-shaven man who stepped over the rail there was little resemblance to Captain Sharpley of the Doric, but when he spoke all doubt as to his identity vanished. He tendered the papers with an injured air.

"Ah!" said Mr. Suggitt, glancing over the ship's register, "I see you are both Captain and owner, Mr. Watterson, and, by the way, we shall need the signatures of your officers, too. Perhaps you will be good enough to send your boat for them. The First and Second Mates and the Chief Engineer will be sufficient."

"Is this necessary?" said the Captain of the Loch Lomond, looking suspiciously into Mr. Suggitt's face.

"Quite necessary, sir," responded that worthy curtly. "Rule of the service which must be carried out."

■

Seeing that Mr. Suggitt was firm, Captain Watterson gave his men the order and followed the chief officer into the saloon. At the table sat Captain Jack Hammers, looking very brave in his second hand naval uniform.

"How d'ye do, Captain Sharpley?" he said, standing up and smiling.

The Captain of the Loch Lomond started as though he had been shot.

"What is this?" he murmured hoarsely; "a trick?" Then, quick as a flash, he whipped a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at Jack Hammers; but before he could fire it was knocked spinning out of his hand by some one behind him, and the next instant a crashing blow from Mr. Suggitt's ponderous fist felled him senseless. Immediately he was handcuffed and carried into one of the staterooms.

Twenty minutes later the three officers were ushered into the saloon. This time there was no ceremony; they were promptly seized and pinioned, and the same fate was shared by the boat's crew.

Three days later the owners of the Doric were startled by the following cablegram:

"KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

"Doric safe. Await orders.

"HAMMERS."

They replied immediately, telling him to bring her home, which, after delivering his sixty-two prisoners to the police authorities, and shipping a new crew, he did.

Of course the Western Line, and not the Atlantic Marine Insurance Company, paid for the expedition of H. M. S. Defense, and Jack Hammers received a handsome reward and the command of the Doric for his trouble.

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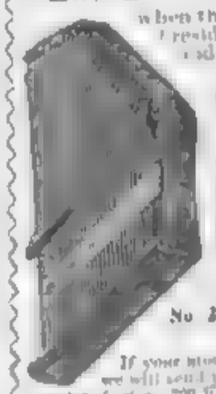

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The Game of CURLING

By Joseph E. G. Ryan

CURLING, the national game of Scotland, promises to become equally as popular a winter amusement in the United States as its sister sport, golf, the royal and ancient pastime, is in summer.

The origin of the game is shrouded in the same cloud of uncertainty that encompasses the birth of golf. Many persons claim that the game originated in the Low Countries; but though dating from a distant era, there is no tangible evidence in Flanders to-day that the game ever existed there. Golf is also said to have first been played in Holland; but it certainly remained for the Caledonians to develop both games, and it is not improbable that both alike had their origin in Scotland.

Tradition is responsible for the statement that James IV, who was killed at Flodden Field in 1531, was an enthusiastic curler, and presented a silver curling-stone to the parishes in the Carse o' Gowrie for annual competition. It is known that curling was played at that time in Scotland, for about fifty years ago a curling-stone bearing the date 1551 was found in a pond near Dunblane, and since then stones of divers later dates have been recovered.

PHOTO BY J. H. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

CURLING IN WASHINGTON PARK

THE MODERN HISTORY OF THE GAME

A game similar to curling is known to-day in Holland as *calluiten* and in Germany as *eisknegeln*. The name curling is applied to the game on account of the "English," or twist, given to the stone in delivery.

In the early part of the present century curling was first played in America at Montreal, but it was not until 1867 that the organization known as the Grand National Curling Club of America was formed. David Foulis, of 260 West One-Hundred-and-Fifteenth Street, New York, is the secretary.

In 1865, on Lake Erie, near Buffalo, the first international *bonspiel* in America was played. *Bonspiels* are matches between curling clubs, but the term is more particularly applied to the annual championship meeting of the different curling associations. Twenty-three rinks representing the United States opposed the Canadians, who won the contest. Nearly all the matches with Canada since that year have been played at Toronto.

Chicago is the most important centre of the game in the West, although Milwaukee is famous in curling annals for the high-class players sent to the annual *bonspiels* of the Northwestern Curling Association.

Curling is a very inexpensive game, and may be played on any sheet of smooth ice having the required dimensions. The rink is prepared by first allowing the desired sheet of water to freeze. The surface of the ice is then carefully scraped and additional water run over it. This in turn freezes and is scraped until several layers are frozen, the desired thickness is secured, and the final surface of the necessary smoothness. The number of contestants should be limited to four players on a side, including a "skip." The "skip" is the Captain of the team and the absolute ruler of the rink. He is also supposed to be the best player, and directs the work of his side when the stones are in a position to demand scientific work.

The object of the game is to slide the curling-stone as near as possible to the "tee" at the opposite end of the rink from where the player delivers it.

The curling-stone, which originally had finger-holes on top like ten-pin balls, and a polished bottom, is generally of granite imported from Scotland. It is spherical in form. The modern stone is provided with a handle for throwing, on the upper side, and is finely polished on the lower side, so as to run smoothly and not cut the ice. The weight is from thirty-three to fifty pounds.

The rink is laid out on the specially prepared ice, about fifty yards long and seven yards wide. "Tees" are laid out at opposite ends of the rink, thirty-eight yards from centre to centre. Around the "tee," circles fourteen feet in diameter are outlined on the ice, and two smaller rings are drawn inside in order to make the measurement of distance from the centre easier.

The "head" or "end" of the rink resembles a target placed horizontally, the tee representing the bull's-eye and the rings the distances from it. Twelve feet behind each "tee" is the line at which the player stands. A "hack" is cut in the ice here, in which the player inserts his foot to keep from slipping when driving the stone. This makes the whole playing distance forty-two yards.

The "hog" score is seven yards in front of each "tee," and is indicated by a line. If any stone fails to slide over this line it is called a "hog" and is removed.

WHEREIN CURLING IS LIKE CROKINOLE

The stone is slightly elevated at the start of the delivery and slides toward the opposite "tee." The next player endeavors to get as near the "tee" as possible with his shot and at the same time knock away his opponent's stone. As the game is decided in favor of the side having the greater number of stones nearest the "tee" at the finish, the excitement is naturally at its height when there are several stones played. Each player tries to guard his own side from being knocked out, besides using his endeavors to drive his opponent's stone away from the "tee." This leads to a scientific feature of the game known as "guarding."

The term "inwick" is used when a stone strikes the inside of another and glides toward the "tee," and the opposite movement is called the "outwick." When a stone is on or near the "tee" the object of the side to whom the stone belongs is to place their stones so as to guard it from attacks by their opponents.

After the various stones have been played, their distances from the "tee" are measured and the scores determined, and then play begins toward the opposite "tee" in the same order. The game usually goes to the side scoring the most shots in 16 or 21 "ends."

The fine points of the game are: drawing to the "tee," then "guarding," subsequently removing the guard; hitting the winning stone direct, so as to knock it out; "inwicking" and "outwicking." Drawing requires the most scientific calculation, as where it is often impracticable to remove the winning stone by a direct shot, owing to full guarding, it is often possible to gain the desired advantage by drawing.

A MILWAUKEE RINK (1898)

PHOTO BY STEIN, MILWAUKEE

Dr. J. S. Batchelor — W. S. Brockway
F. W. Lemin — John Johnston, "Skip"

A DEEP-ROOTED SUPERSTITION

The broom is a very important adjunct to the game, and is used to sweep the surface of the ice, which is supposed to be perfectly smooth. To a spectator this action seems ludicrous, but the curlers maintain that it polishes the ice and "coaxes the stane alang." When the stone reaches a point where there seems to be an absence of power, the players apply their brooms as energetically as if their existence depended on their exertions in reply to the injunction of the "skip" to "soop her oop."

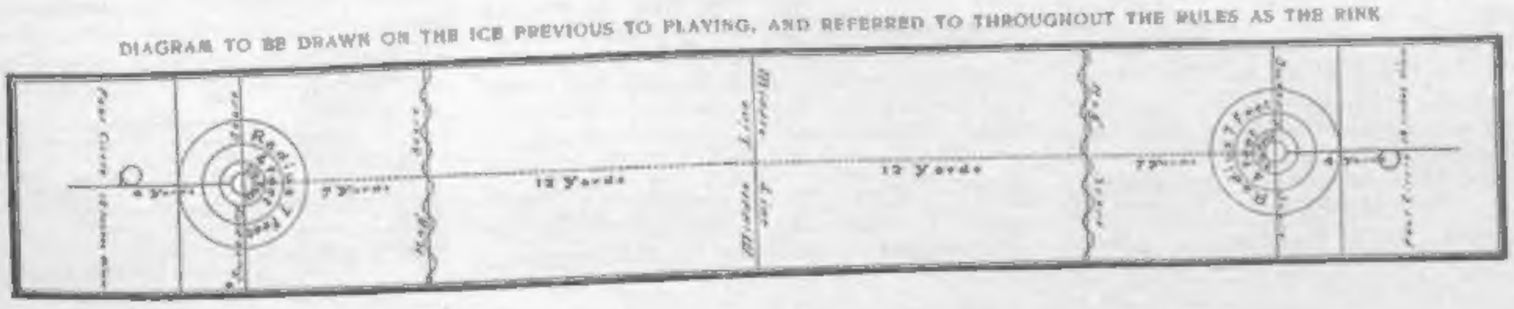
In the past few years curling has become the winter sport of many of the golfing organizations. At Wheaton, near Chicago, where the amateur golf championship was held in 1897, several rinks have been in use for the past few years, and such well-known golfers as former amateur champion Charles B. Macdonald and D. R. Forgan, the Western champion, and a host of other less prominent players, are among the most enthusiastic curlers. The rinks are inclosed, electrically lighted, and elaborately fitted up. The Washington Park golfers also fit up a series of rinks annually, under the race-track stand, and in many other Western golf clubs rinks are regarded as a necessary winter adjunct.

A NEW APPENDIX TO THE DICTIONARY

Like golf, curling has a language of its own, although similar terms are used in both games, but applied differently. For instance, the "tee" is the starting-point in golf, while in curling it denotes the goal or finishing-point. The expressions "up" and "down" are similarly applied in both games to express the margin of victory or defeat. A curling contest of the regulation number of "ends" or innings takes the same time to play as an eighteen-hole golf match—generally three hours. To appreciate curling it must be played, for, like golf, it is devoid of spectacular features.

As in golf, the game may be played by persons of all ages. It is really surprising to see elderly players shout and work their brooms until perspiration rolls from their faces in a temperature usually below zero.

DIAGRAM TO BE DRAWN ON THE ICE PREVIOUS TO PLAYING, AND REFERRED TO THROUGHOUT THE RULES AS THE RINK



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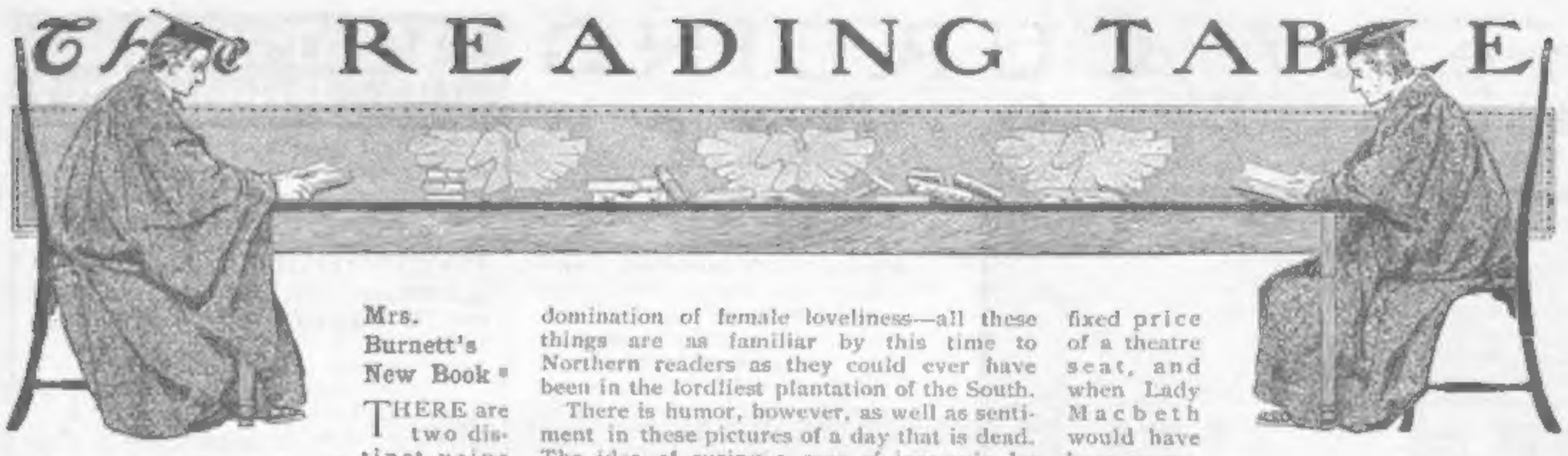

Mrs. Burnett's New Book *

THERE are two distinct veins of narrative running through Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's last novel, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. One of them is lively and sentimental, the other what newspaper reporters term "unpleasant"; and when they meet and mingle the bad tarnishes the good. The first part of the novel tells how Tom de Willoughby, a big, lazy, warm-hearted young man, too lumbering for his Tennessee home and his aristocratic kindred, goes to a North Carolina village and vegetates there as storekeeper and postmaster. In addition to these easy duties, he adopts a girl baby when she is two hours old, and brings her up with such help as his neighbors and a neatly bound Advice to Young Mothers can afford him. Felicia is to be her name; but, as Mrs. Doty truly remarks, "Now thar's Vangerline 'n' Clementine 'n' Everlyne that'd ha' bin showier than Flishyer"; and in the end the country people settle the matter in their own way by calling her Sheba, as a compliment to the ornate character of her baby clothes.

Only the appointed heroine of fiction can grow up in a mountain village without the smallest taint of rusticity. Only in fiction can the villagers talk in dialect and the heroine in purest English. But this is one of the lovable things which differentiates the novel from real life, and to which no right-minded reader should object. So when good Tom de Willoughby wins his claim and becomes enormously rich, and little Sheba marries her handsome cousin, we are willing to believe that she "looked like a young angel," and behaved like one, too, having been a really nice child from the start.

As for the other portion of the story, it is simply unpardonable, not for what it has to tell, but because of the strained and sickly sentiment which pervades it. There has been a great deal of this kind of sentiment in recent fiction, and it is time we put it aside, drew a breath of pure air, looked the facts of life in the face, and realized that to a woman as well as to a man is given the choice between good and evil. Her moral downfall is not an accident to be simply pitied; it is a crime to be condemned.

Some New Southern Stories †

THE arrogance which started the ill-fated Tower of Babel on its skyward progress was never so severely punished as in the modern dialect story; and that we suffer for the sins of our very far-away ancestors does not make the infliction any easier to bear. Mr. Edwards' volume, His Defense and Other Stories, is a pleasant, readable book, save where the negro dialect in all its purity offers an insuperable obstacle to the understanding. The tales have that old-fashioned sentimental flavor of which people seldom tire, and which is distinctly emphasized by their Southern setting. Favorite sisters who marry their music-masters, and from their death-beds send back youthful daughters to be idolized in the old home; faithful servants of the ante-bellum type; swift duels following a word of insult, and the general domination of female loveliness—all these things are as familiar by this time to Northern readers as they could ever have been in the lordliest plantation of the South.

There is humor, however, as well as sentiment in these pictures of a day that is dead. The idea of curing a case of insomnia by taking the sufferer to the old pew in the Presbyterian Church where he fell asleep every Sunday when he was a little boy, and playing over and over again upon the organ the monotonous and once well-known airs until the habits of infancy reasserted themselves, is at least novel and ingenious. There is also an admirable situation in Mas' Craffud's Freedom, where the harassed planter explains to his newly emancipated slaves that, if they are at liberty, so is he, and that they must look out for themselves; whereupon they wish to know "how dey goin' ter git somep'n ter eat"—a view of the situation which was slow to present itself to any one, even to the philanthropists.

The Memoirs of Mrs. John Drew *

WITH little art, but in a charming spirit of affectionate simplicity, Mrs. John Drew—well known to and well beloved by the older playgoers—wrote shortly before her death a brief sketch of her dramatic career, a career which extended practically over the whole period of her life. These reminiscences, illustrated with interesting and amusing old portraits, should delight the hearts of readers who remember the placid days when realism and historic accuracy had yet to be invented, when a dollar was the fixed price of a theatre seat, and when Lady Macbeth would have been unrecognizable had she not worn her regulation costume of black velvet, point lace and imitation pearls.

Mrs. Drew began her stage life at the exceedingly tender age of twelve months, being then carried on the boards to enact the simple and appropriate rôle of a "crying baby." Her début was a failure. Cry she would not. On the contrary, the lights and the audience so tickled her infant fancy that she crowed aloud for joy, expressing even then the "acute pleasure" in her profession which never failed her during the long, hard years to come. She was given childish parts as soon as she could walk and talk, and was a veteran and deeply experienced actress by the time she came to the United States, being then full nine years of age. Here she was accorded the honor of playing the little Duke of York to the elder Booth's Richard the Third, and Albert to Forrest's William Tell; besides which legitimate performances she figured as a sort of "infant phenomenon," amusing sober playgoers by her antics as Little Pickle, and by appearing in five different characters in a foolish play called Twelve Precisely.

Hard work this for a child's feeble strength; but needs were pressing, and pay was poor. There was no lingering in the race, and before Miss Lane was nineteen she had acted every conceivable part, from cheerful chambermaids to Lady Macbeth; had sung as Cinderella and Rosina; had danced the "second Bayadere" in Madame Celeste's company; had married her first husband; had been stranded more than once in the swift wrecking of dramatic ventures; and had accepted joyously and gratefully an engagement as leading lady at the Walnut Street Theatre, with the munificent salary of twenty dollars a week. There is nothing dazzling in this plain history of an honorable and successful life; but it is jocund reading nevertheless, being the record of a woman who did as well as in her lay the work she loved to do.

OF MODERN BOOKS

A Pantoum

By Carolyn Wells

OF MAKING many books there is no end,
Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone;
Each day new manuscripts are being penned,
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on.

Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone,
New volumes daily issue from the press;
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on—
The prospect is disheartening, I confess.

New volumes daily issue from the press;
My pile of unread books I view aghast.
The prospect is disheartening, I confess;
Why will these modern authors write so fast?

My pile of unread books I view aghast—
Of course I must keep fairly up to date—
Why will these modern authors write so fast?
They seem to get ahead of me of late.

Of course I must keep fairly up to date;
The books of special merit I must read;
They seem to get ahead of me of late,
Although I skim them very fast, indeed.

The books of special merit I must read;
And then the magazines come round again;
Although I skim them very fast, indeed,
I can't get through with more than eight or ten.

And then the magazines come round *again!*
How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
I can't get through with more than eight or ten—
It is appalling when I stop to think.

How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
Of making many books there is no end.
It is appalling when I stop to think
Each day new manuscripts are being penned!

Holly and Pizen *

MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART'S little volume of stories, Holly and Pizen, is much too short to satisfy her many readers. There are but five tales instead of the dozen and more which Christmas should have brought us from her pen. All five are good, but by far the best, a very paragon of stories, humorous, tragic, homely and strikingly original, is the Queen o' Sheba's Triumph. Any one who knows the unctuous delight which the negro, like the Celt, takes in a funeral, and in all that appertains thereto, will appreciate the ease with which a poor mulatto dish-washer in a Harlem boarding-house suffers herself to be persuaded by the agent of the Afro-American Funeral Insurance Company to mortgage her slender income, and keep herself on the very verge of destitution, that she may be buried with all the pomp and panoply of woe.

"A white cashmere shroud—an' a cherry-wood coffin—wid silver handles—dicorated wid flowers—an' six veiled mo'ners—an' a fun'al oration—an' de dead-march—an' a plumed hearse—an' fo' ca'iages"—what wonder that Sheba, pausing at the kitchen sink to enumerate these post mortem splendors,

---

*In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†His Defense and Other Stories. By Henry Stillwell Edwards. *The Century Company.*

*Mrs. John Drew's Reminiscences. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

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should be on fire to die and make such gorgeousness her own. That her old plantation friends should ever witness this resplendent funeral is a stroke of good fortune beyond even Sheba's anticipation; but so it happens, and the consumptive, worn-out servant is carried to her grave in a blaze of glory, silver coffin-handles as promised, black-veiled mourners, artificial smilax, imitation palms, and an oration, necessarily somewhat impersonal, but burdened with all the impressive rhetoric that even such an audience could desire.

Of the other tales, A Note of Scarlet and Holly and Pixen, the story of an old negro doctor who cures his patients by transferring their diseases to himself—a form of treatment not likely to become popular with the faculty—are most excellent. But none equal the masterly Queen o' Sheba. Only Mrs. Stuart could have treated such a theme with that tender laughter which is born of sympathy and is more kind than tears.

The True William Penn*

IT IS Mr. Augustine Birrell who observes that all the time we can spare from making money we devote to hunting for truth, and he is apparently of the opinion that a great deal too much attention has been given to this particular kind of sport. Certain it is that if we have not yet grasped the truth our failure cannot be ascribed to any lack of instruction. Modern historians shrink sensitively from the most beguiling fiction; and biographers, like Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Sydney George Fisher, actually christen their books The True George Washington, The True Benjamin Franklin, The True William Penn, lest we should be hopeful enough to doubt the uncompromising nature of their veracity.

Mr. Fisher's last volume, The True William Penn, is marked by the same integrity of purpose—an integrity liable to error—which characterized his earlier works. The author is not without sympathy for the Quakers, preferring them vastly to the Puritans because of their serene tolerance of other men's convictions. That he himself is no theologian is proven by some rash statements anent the early Christian Church, and the much calumniated Middle Ages—statements of the popular, easy-going order, which strenuous seekers after truth avoid as disproven. Neither does it seem necessary to burden a life of Penn with the most scandalous details that can be unearthed concerning the Court of Charles the Second. Even truth-telling does not necessitate the telling of all truths; and Court scandal, passing as it does from one foul tongue to another, is seldom unadulterated candor.

The best and most interesting portions of the book deal with the making of Pennsylvania and the founding of the City of Peace. This is ground which Mr. Fisher knows well, and about which his least word is of value. It is unfortunate that Penn's brief periods of residence in the Colony hardly permit his biographer to linger long amid such familiar scenes. The loyal service rendered by the courtly Quaker to James the Second—who had befriended him from youth—has always scandalized the "unco gude"; but Mr. Fisher is prompt to recognize the manifest injustice of such censure, and he shows how much good was effected by this curious alliance between the most despotic of the Stuarts and the most tolerant of Friends. It would have been easy for Penn to strike the note of high-minded discontent and win applause thereby; he deemed it better to use his influence in helping those who sorely needed help—in seeking out, as he says, a few "bleeding cases," and binding up the wounds. This course of action is never what the world calls heroic; the essential modesty of the attitude—which disavows all claim to censorship—silences applause. But it has at least the merit of doing some good, of easing some burdens, of making some hours of life more bearable for somebody.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

With Pike and Cutlass†

TO THE small and select band of artists who can write, of whom Howard Pyle, Frederick Remington and F. Hopkinson Smith are conspicuous examples, we may now add the name of Mr. George Gibbs. Indeed, after considering his book from a literary and pictorial standpoint, one hardly knows whether to call him an artist who writes or a writer who illustrates. It is not often that such a high level in both fields is attained and maintained as in this instance.

The book is aptly named, for though in later days the pike and cutlass have become obsolete weapons, superseded by the deadly "eight-inch" and the Hotchkiss rapid-firer, yet the spirit that made the archaic sword and lance potent for victory and slaughter is still with the man behind the gun. There are few records in the history of any nation, especially when the shortness of our period of existence is considered, which are so filled with glory as the history of the American Navy. It is a chronicle of almost unbroken success, and the few defeats which are to be noted are almost as heroic as the victories. It was the bitterest reverse of them all, the capture of the Chesapeake, that gave rise to what has ever been since then a watchword: "Don't give up the ship!"

From this galaxy of splendid feats of arms Mr. Gibbs with wise discrimination has chosen for his entertaining and useful book a number of the most brilliant exploits, some of them common and familiar in every school history, others no less interesting although comparatively unknown. Having so chosen, he has told them with all the dash and vigor and swing of a participant; the men live and move and have a being on his canvas and in his animated pages. We see again half-naked, pigtailed men, armed for battle, blowing their smoking matches, clustered about the rude breechings of the clumsy long guns or stumpy carronades of the past; and the same men manipulate with deadly accuracy the complicated mechanism of modern monsterpieces of ordnance. It takes the same kind of pluck to pass a weather earring on a topsail yardarm in a gale of wind as it does to be bottled up in the fire-room of a battleship in action. And Mr. Gibbs tells us all about these things. It is the same spirit which fights the Guerrière with those weapons, carries the Tripolitan gunboats in hand-to-hand conflict, sends the Gloucester dashing at the Spanish torpedo-boats, enables Decatur to blow up the Philadelphia, Cushing to destroy the Albemarle, lets Hobson try the deadly channel, rushes Farragut over the torpedoes, and permits Dewey and Sampson to break the Spanish power at Manila and Santiago.

All this and more you read in Mr. Gibbs' book; it is a volume to make Americans thrill with pride and pleasure. There is one chapter which is especially commended to the thoughtful. I know of few men who have the knowledge and ability to write so authoritatively of the Passing of the Old Navy. The old Navy has gone, but the old spirit is still in evidence, and one may read in Mr. Gibbs' pages that he himself, an old Annapolis boy and a descendant of the famous Admiral Paulding, partakes in large measure of the same spirit.

—*Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

IN RISING FORTUNES, Mr. John Oxenham has hit upon a theme which is never without interest. He follows the beginnings of Adam Black, journalist, step by step to success and influence. The story of a well-won success is always healthy and active. *G. W. Dillingham Company.*

More like a play than a novel is Mr. Walter Raymond's A Tangled Web. It has the sharp lines of division and much of the condensation of the drama. Mr. Raymond knows his people—the countryfolk of the Western counties—well, and yet can be sparing in his handling of them. The main action of the play is not clogged or hidden by a superfluous crowd of onlookers, but moves with straightforward, quiet dignity to its logical climax. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The virile figure of St. Paul stands out strong and clear in all we hear of him and about him. Mr. George L. Weed has just added to the literature of the subject by a new Life of St. Paul for the Young. *George W. Jacobs & Co.*

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS

A Critic Criticised.—The owl-like wisdom of some critics was delightfully illustrated in the treatment of an able story of newspaper life, Taken by Siege, by Miss Jeanette Gilder, which first appeared anonymously. There is probably no woman in the country who is better acquainted with newspaper work than Miss Gilder. Her first story appeared in the New York Dispatch when she was fourteen; at seventeen she was a member of the staff of the Newark Advertiser. She was dramatic, musical and literary critic. She was later correspondent for the New York Tribune and the New York Herald, and for the last nineteen years she has been one of the editors of The Critic. Her novel made a favorable impression upon the press with one or two exceptions. One of these, a New York paper for which Miss Gilder had written for years, summed it up in a calm, patronizing style that must have made the author smile. It praised the general plan and construction of the story, but said that "it was evident that the author knew absolutely nothing of newspapers or newspaper people."

Literature in Rocks.—Miss Hay, daughter of the Secretary of State, has just finished a novel which deals with Washington society. Besides being a graceful poet she is also a lover of Nature study. A favorite summer pastime of hers is collecting odd minerals and fossils. Once when bringing home a lot of specimens she met a friend who commented upon her treasures:

"'Sermons in stones!' You'll get a big library if you keep on."

"I beg your pardon," was the response, "you are mistaken. I am looking for rhymes in rocks, and these are a few of the verses."

Maarten Maartens' Diplomacy.—Herr Maarten Maartens, the famous Dutch novelist, whose real name is J. H. W. Van der Porten, is a country magistrate and lives in the grand old castle of Zuylestyn, near the village of Neerlangbroek. He is rich and has a beautiful but invalid wife. He is fond of politics and the breeding of race horses. On account of his wife's health he is obliged to spend a certain period every year in the South of France. His constituents objected to this, and their differences resulted in their spokesman declaring that the magistrate was no Dutchman, as he spent most of his time out of Holland.

The novelist-magistrate replied: "The only time I am away from my native land is when I am at my wife's side, and that is Paradise. All my earthly hours I spend in Holland."

Best None Too Good.—Norman Hapgood, the critic and biographer, whose recent Life of Lincoln has given him a prominent place in letters, was a reporter in charge of the educational department on a New York afternoon newspaper a few years ago. He reported the doings of the Board of Education and gathered news of the public schools. One day he asked the editor what was the best review in England.

"Why do you want to know?" asked the editor.

"I have something about Salisbury I'd like to submit."

The editor gave him the name of three or four leading periodicals, mentioning one in particular as being the easiest to "break into."

"I want the best," returned Hapgood. "I don't care what it pays or how critical it is."

Receiving the information, he sent his copy over the sea, and in less than ten days he got by cable not only an acceptance of his offering, but an order for three more articles of the same sort. That was the beginning of his literary career.

*The True William Penn. By Sydney George Fisher. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

†With Pike and Cutlass. By George Gibbs. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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JUDGE SETH ON WIDOWS

By CHESTER PEAKE

JUDGE, what did you think of the sermon by the missionary from India?"

The Sunday dinner was over, and the Judge and the party sat under the chestnut tree. The Judge was in a happy mood, although he complained that his two hundred and sixty-five pounds felt heavier than usual—he was afraid he was getting fat.

"It was good of its kind, but I don't much like that kind—one of those sermons about somebody else's troubles—interesting enough, but all the good it does you is to make you feel sorry for the other fellow and wish he would let you alone. I will be ready to think more about foreign missions when we pay our mortgage on the church and our people come to service as fast as they go to a mass-meeting when the brass band's playing. But what he said about widows in India was certainly curious. Just to think! Whenever a husband dies the wife gives up life, and either kills herself or pines away until the end. Just think of it! No wonder the country needs Yankee peddlers and missionaries!"

"Judge, you are evidently a friend of the widow."

"And of the orphan. Don't forget the orphan. Since I have been Judge of the Orphans' Court—I may say otherwise, also—I have found out a great deal about orphans—and, well, yes—widows."

He paused here and looked cautiously around to see if Mrs. Seth was in hearing distance, and finding she was not he proceeded:

"My young friend, you must remember that the country that keeps down widows goes down itself. By the time it conquers the widows it hasn't strength left for anything else. Why was George Washington father of his country? Because he married a widow. Who is head of the greatest Power of Europe? A widow. Who captured our greatest hero? A widow. So it goes! So it goes!"

"Wherein, Judge, is the widow so powerful?"

"The Lord only knows, my young friend, and I doubt if He understands it entirely. Of course, a woman is the greatest power in the world, but a widow is a woman with an extra pull. Much of it is experience, naturally, but sometimes I think that a short course in matrimony is a kind of post-graduate school—that's what you call it, isn't it? Now, put a person in college and keep him there all his life; what would he amount to? But put him there the usual term and then let him out in the world, and he will do something. Well, that's the widow. Certainly it's a little tough on her first teacher, but, as we say down at the courthouse, graveyards don't pay taxes.

"You know the roots of some trees will find their way through solid rock to reach water. Nothing is impossible, and the widow can beat trees just as a thinking man can cut wood. Now, there was Sally Madeson—Jack Madeson's widow. She was just about the right size, with black eyes, and red lips, and real roses in her cheeks. When you put weeds on that style, and when the long eyelashes fall over the black eyes and the roses in the cheeks bloom all the harder for the tears that come down on them—like dew on the real article—well, something's going to happen. On the other side of the road from me Jim Fendel lived, and if ever a man hated women Jim was that person. He had plenty of money, but all he loved in life was his gun and dogs. One day he came to me and said: 'Seth'—it was before my election as Judge of the Orphans' Court—'Seth, it may seem right conceited of me to say it, but doggone if I don't believe that Sally Madeson, or fate, or something, is after me.' 'Said anything to you?' I asked. 'Not a word,' he replied. 'You like her?' I asked again. 'Jehosaphat! No. Didn't I say Jack was the biggest fool on earth to marry her? What I mean is that—I—hang it! I don't know what I mean.'

"Well, I felt then that the outcome of the thing was just as good as decided, but to comfort Jim I told him to keep away from her. And he did. For instance, he took the back road to town. But of course one day as he was jogging along what should he do but meet her—in fact, find her all alone in a carriage that had broken down. Well, he took her home. Of course, the seat was that narrow little thing in his two-wheeled gig. Young man, I hope you never sat on a narrow seat with a black-eyed widow?"

"I never did, Judge."

"Well, never do it; but if you have to do it, don't drive too slow; the neighbors might talk. Then one day he was out woodcock-shooting on the other side of the swamp—out in his long rubber boots. Suddenly on the bank of the creek he saw the widow. She had been over to see one of her workmen who was sick, and the tide of the creek had risen and she couldn't get back. There was only one thing for him to do. He took her in his arms and toted her over. Young man, I hope you never toted a black-eyed widow over a creek?"

"I never did, Judge."

"Well, if you ever have to do it, hold tight, shut your eyes, and pray hard during the ceremony. Of course, that just settled everything. Jim came to me and said: 'It's no use, Seth; it's just fate.' 'It's the widow,' I said. 'It's fate and the widow both,' he said. 'I give it up,' I said; 'the combination's too strong.' 'So do I,' he said. Of course, he thought that all he had to do was to go there and ask her and she would jump right into his arms. He didn't know widows—of course, nobody does—but some facts are plain. As I have said, there is small satisfaction in hauling up a mullet, but there is a heap of sport in playing with a trout—and every widow knows that the easy fish is the least valued—or if I've got mixed, it's words to that effect."

"I have heard, Judge, that Mr. Fendel's marriage was the finest thing that ever happened to him."

"So it was, my young friend; so it was. It was she who made him Governor; and if he had only been born in a log cabin she would have made him President of the United States."

There was a pause, and the Judge continued rather confidentially: "Now you must understand, of course, you need not tell Mrs. Seth anything I have said about widows, but it is all true; and it is my conviction that the reason why widows in India are abolished, so to speak, is that the old maids and the married women control the votes. Of course, India is two or three thousand years old, while we are only two or three hundred, and it may come to pass that after this country begins to slide down hill widows may be buried too, but I'm glad I'll be dead before it happens. But, as I said before, you need not mention it to Mrs. Seth."

"You seem to think, Judge, that married ladies do not like widows."

"Think, my young ignoramus? Think? What's the use of thinking when the fact is before your very eyes? They can't like a widow any more than they can help looking at a new bonnet. They are all naturally jealous of her. Who can blame them? She has got all the good out of her first chance in matrimony, and she is in a position to get the best in a second trial at the same game. I don't say all women want to become widows, but I have noticed in all such misfortunes they all show a powerful lot of resignation."

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